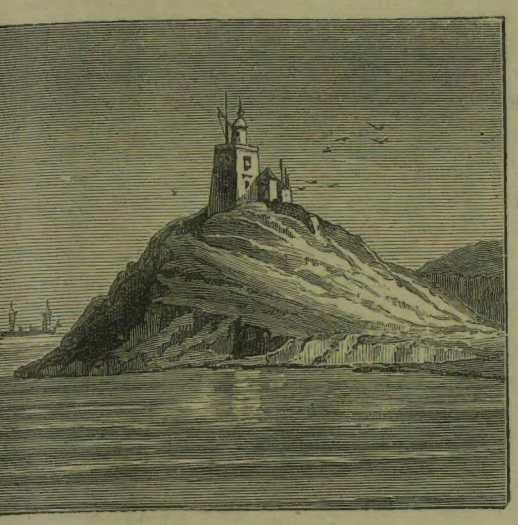
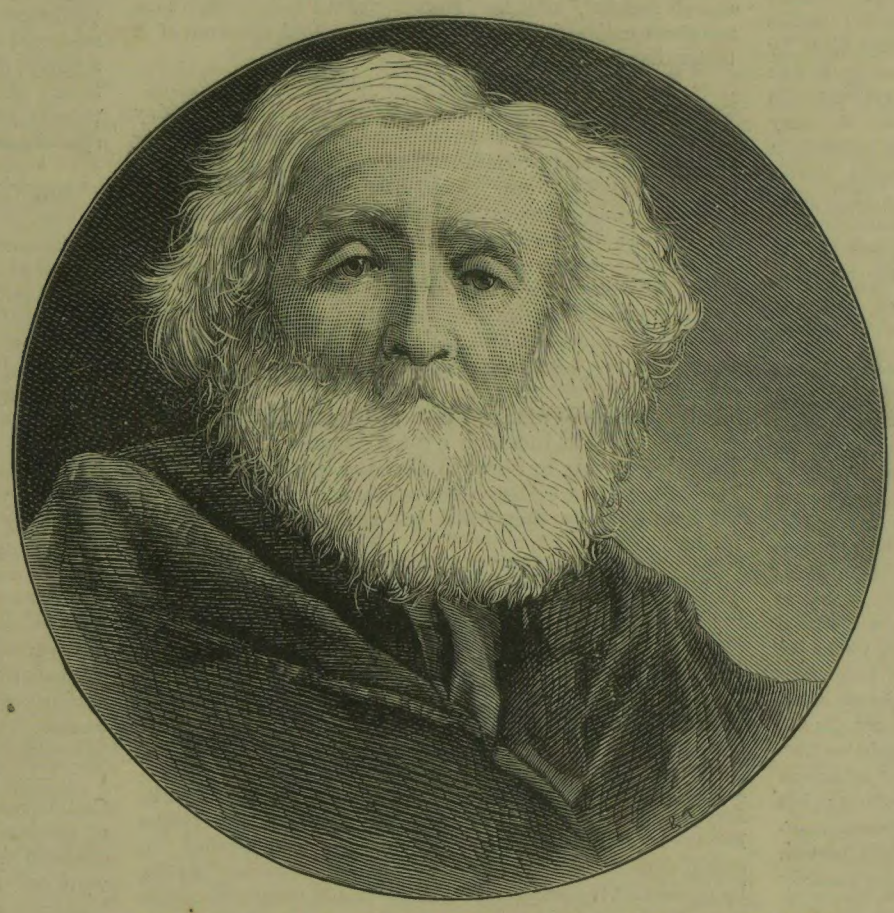
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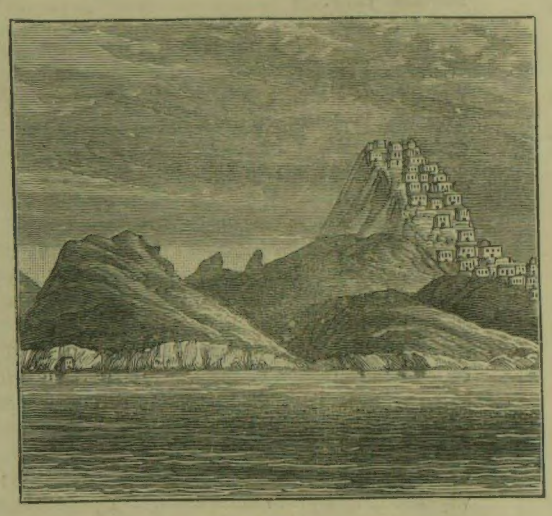
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LIGHTHOUSE, ENTRANCE TO ZEA, PRIZE DÉPÔT OF THE INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON.



THE LATE PROFESSOR LEOPOLD VON RANKE, THE GERMAN HISTORIAN.



KASTRO, ENTRANCE TO HARBOUR OF MILO, SECOND PRIZE DÉPÔT.

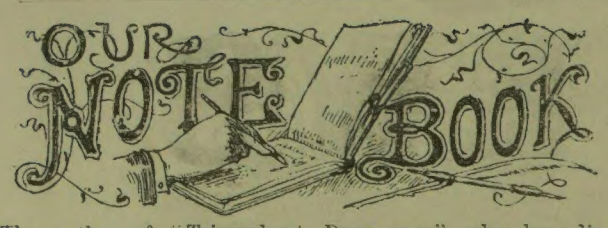


GULF OF NAUPLIA, WITH H.M.S. CARYSFORT AND H.M.S. ALBACORE.



VILLAGE OF PULITHRA, ENTRANCE TO GULF OF NAUPLIA.

THE BLOCKADE OF GREECE.



The author of "Triumphant Democracy," who has discovered that Monarchy is the root of all evil, and that "a Royal family is an insult to every other family in the land," will have felt his spirit vexed with the proceedings of last Saturday. Loyalty is not extinct in England, and the anniversary of the Queen's birthday was celebrated with the accustomed heartiness and unanimity. In London, church bells rang merrily, flags waved, and Trooping the Queen's Colours brought together thousands of spectators; public buildings were illuminated; full-dress dinners were given by the leading members of the Government, according to the time-honoured custom; and the Canadian exhibitors also expressed their loyalty in the true English fashion. At every great military station in the kingdom there was a parade in honour of the day; and at the chief provincial towns, including the Irish capital, there was a display of loyalty that could not be called perfunctory. There have, indeed, been ample proofs of late that, after a reign of nearly fifty years, her Majesty retains the affection of her people, and that the more she appears among them, the stronger will this affection grow.

The conversation which took place a few nights ago in the House of Lords, relative to a new building for the National Portrait Gallery, was not altogether satisfactory. The Treasury, it seems, is still unwilling to provide the means for erecting a gallery worthy of the collection, and accessible to the public most interested in such art treasures. The Science and Art Department, on the other hand, is quite prepared to lend its otherwise vacant building at Bethnal-green, and to afford an excuse for retaining the expensive staff of the East-End Museum. Two great influences are thus at work to neutralise the valuable efforts of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery. But, luckily, within the last few weeks the Science and Art Department has been offered a large miscellaneous collection of furniture, china, and bric-à-brac of all sorts, by an Exeter collector; and as the specimens are, for the most part, interesting, and many valuable, it is probable that the offer will be accepted. In this case, the entire collection would, in all likelihood, be transferred to Bethnal-green; but whether it will prove more attractive than the wooden mangoes and wax melons which play such an important part in the "Food Exhibits," with which the museum was recently stocked, is a problem for future solution.

Horrible misgivings have been felt as to the stability of the British Constitution—that is to say, as to the Derby. That this time-honoured national institution is on its last legs, or the last but two or three, is the settled conviction of Jeremiah and Company, who are shocked to find the number of runners dwindled down this year to nine (just the number that ran in 1802, whereas thirty-four ran in 1862), and the value of the stakes decreased from Lord Lyon's £7350 to Ormonde's £4700. On the other hand, to show how the buckets at the well of life go up and down, how the adjustment of things in this world is kept up, Jeremiah might also point out that the French Derby this year had positively more runners (twelve, to wit) than the English, and was worth £4592—within about £100 of the English. This is coming on with a vengeance, since Monarque won in 1855, when the value was only £2080. But then the French Jockey Club have increased their "dotation" from 5000f. (about £200) in its first year to 20,000f. (about £800) in "Monarque's year," and ultimately to the present 50,000f. (about £2000), "to be continued till further notice." When we have to "endow" our Derby, it will be time to expect the New Zealander's "arrangement" of "the ruins of London Bridge." Meanwhile, it may strengthen failing hearts to note that—if fluctuation in the value of the Derby should be taken into account—there is no need to be fearful for the future. It is true that the race has never reached the height of Lord Lyon's £7350; but from that date it went down, down, down, like man when he cuts a caper, to Hermit's £7000, Blue Gown's £6850, Pretender's £6225, Kingcraft's £6150, Favonius's £5125, Cremorne's £4850, and Doncaster's £4825; when it began to ascend again to George Frederick's £5350, Galopin's £4975, Kisber's £5575, Silvio's £6050, Sefton's £5825, Sir Bevys's £7025, Bend Or's £6375, and Iroquois's £5925. So that, though the £4775 for Shotover, the £5150 for St. Blaise, the £4850 for St. Gatien and Harvester between them, and the £4525 for Melton last year, may look a little obstinate, there is no reason to despair of seeing the barometer go up again and remain at "set fair."

Envious fate, as usual, has intervened to render impossible what might have been the most interesting horse-race of the season. Melton, Paradox, and Ormonde might (though it is by no means certain that they would) have met for the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot; but Paradox, taking a gallop, puts his foot in a hole, breaks his pastern, and will, probably, henceforth be fit for nothing but the stud. It is very hard on Mr. Brodrick-Cloete, who had set his heart on "having it out" with Melton, and who, though he was very lucky, as a "young beginner," to win the Epsom Grand Prize (£3782), the Kempton Park Grand Prize (£840), the Dewhurst Plate (£1557), the Two Thousand (£4300), the Sussex Stakes (£892), the Champion Stakes (£1510), the Free Handicap Sweepstakes (£650), and the Grand Prix de Paris (£5504), upwards of £19,000 (to leave out a few other little items), in his first two seasons, began badly by losing 4000 guineas' worth of horseflesh in Louisbourg (without a single run for his money), and has now had a very severe "facer." Paradox should still be a good annuity at the stud; but, had he run and beaten Melton for the Hardwicke, he would have been a better annuity still.

Princesses are commonly married in the newspapers several times before the ceremony takes place at the altar. Princess Louisa has been designated as the bride of Prince Oscar of Sweden, and is stated to be busily employed in the study of Swedish. She will, therefore, have an advantage over her ancestress Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, the mother of George III., who came to England knowing scarcely one word of the language. It had, Lord Hervey tells us, been proposed that she should learn it, but her mother thought this must be quite unnecessary, for the Hanover family having been above twenty years on the throne, to be sure most people in England spoke German as often and as well as English. "A conjecture so well founded," adds Lord Hervey, "that I believe there were not three natives in England that understood one word of it better than in the reign of Queen Anne."

Who wrote Shakspeare? is one of the questions of the day that amuses idle people. If, as some maintain, the mighty genius that created a "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," a "Tempest" and a "King Lear," was due to Francis Bacon, the proofs of this astounding argument had need to be much more convincing than they are at present. An ingenious American, we are told, has discovered a cypher running through the plays which will prove the paternity. Of course we cannot say that it will not; but this we may say, that if the author of "Novum Organum" is also the author of "Twelfth Night," the "Winter's Tale," and "King Lear," then is Bacon not only the greatest poet in the world, but his colossal intellect spreads so wide and towers to such a height that the greatest names in literature are but pigmies in comparison. Meanwhile, it may be observed that the only verse known to have been written by Bacon is a worthless version of some of the Psalms, and a thoughtful, but not poetically excellent, lyric called "Life."

We are on the eve of celebrating the centenary of the destruction of the Bastille, and, in the interval, France has made experiment of every form of government; yet a story, by no means a singular one, has just been told in a Court of Justice, which would seem to prove that *lettres de cachet* were as much the outcome of French public feeling as of class tyranny. According to the evidence at length put before the world, a gentleman of good position, of peaceful habits, and kindly disposition, has been confined in a mad-house for nearly fifty years, for no other cause than that he married the girl he loved. That mysterious and apparently irresistible agency, the *conseil de famille*, was called together, and its decree having been launched that the marriage was unacceptable, the young couple were ruthlessly torn asunder—the lady and her child were expelled from France, on the ground that she was a foreigner, and the husband was placed in what is cynically termed a *maison de santé*. From time to time attempts were made by the wretched prisoner to obtain an honest investigation of his case; and it redounds little credit to French law and French Judges to find all these efforts were frustrated by the influence of those who had placed him in confinement. At length, however, he has succeeded in breaking through their toils; and at the age of nearly seventy finds himself free in body, but broken in health, with an accumulated fortune of more than two millions sterling to gild the remainder of his life, or to spend in the probably hopeless task of searching for his wife and child, of whom no tidings were allowed to reach him during his seven-and-forty years' captivity. Could the annals of the Bastille reveal a story more hideous? Yet there is abundant evidence every year that such cases are by no means isolated.

It may be doubted whether any railroad beyond that between Ryde and Newport was ever a matter of absolute necessity in the little Isle of Wight. People who visit that lovely island are not generally in a hurry; they want to loiter and to enjoy. Hitherto Freshwater has been left inviolate, but it has been pointed out that the Chale and Freshwater Railway Bill will destroy much of the beauty of a spot dear to Englishmen, not only for its own sake, but as the residence of the Poet Laureate. His home, "close to the ridge of a noble down," will be invaded by the shriek of the steam-whistle, and the down itself will be permanently defaced if this bill be carried. In the interest of all Englishmen, who delight in the bracing air and in the open landscape of Freshwater, it is to be hoped that the proposed act of Vandalism will not be carried out.

The question of the Simplon tunnel is once more being actively discussed—at least, among engineers. The obstacles, however, in the way of its completion are rather those which concern financiers; and in face of the difficulties from which the St. Gothard has not yet emerged, it would be rash to suppose that capitalists will embark with a light heart upon so costly an undertaking. The Paris and Lyons Railway, which is assumed to be more interested in the undertaking than anyone else, has already paid a sufficiently heavy sum for the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and can scarcely be anticipated to furnish very large sums to construct a rival route into Italy. Moreover, although the engineering necessities of the Simplon route may not present any serious difficulty, it must be costly. The treacherous nature of the Kaltwasser Glacier and the avalanches which descend from the slopes of the Monte Leone will force the engineers to commence tunnelling almost immediately above Brieg, on the Swiss side, and some distance short of the Gorge of Gondo, on the Italian side, if indeed it be not found necessary to begin as low down as Crevola. What would be the length of such tunnel has not yet been stated; but it is obviously so great that the expensive machinery for supplying the workers with fresh air and a bearable temperature, which added so much to the cost of the St. Gothard Tunnel will have to be largely increased in the Simplon.

Mr. Stirling, who has been raised to the judicial bench in the room of the late lamented Sir John Pearson, is the sixth Senior Wrangler who during the present century has been elevated to a similar dignity. The new Judge took the highest mathematical honours of Cambridge University in 1830, just half a century after the same creditable position had been achieved by Mr. Justice Maule. In 1806 the Senior Wrangler was Mr. Pollock, afterwards Lord Chief Baron; and Mr. Bickersteth, Senior Wrangler of 1808, became Lord Langdale and Master of the Rolls. The year 1309 saw the gentleman destined to become "Baron" Alderson head the mathematical tripos list; and then followed, in 1810, Mr. Justice Maule. And it is far from unlikely that the double successes will be repeated, for there are now three eminent Queen's Counsel practising at the Bar who were Senior Wranglers of their respective years, all of whom have won distinction in their profession. Mr. Romer, Q.C., is an exceptionally brilliant man, and leader of his court; Mr. Hemming, Q.C., was, when a junior, one of the Treasury Counsel; and Mr. Moulton, Q.C., is one of the greatest authorities on matters relating to patents, and is engaged in most important cases demanding special scientific knowledge.

Sir William Harcourt, the cultured and well-read "Historicus," must have been strangely forgetful when, in the House of Commons the other night, he informed Lord Randolph Churchill that the word "hocus" belonged to horse-racing, and should only be used on Epsom Downs. Halliwell, the accomplished author of "A Treatise on the Literature of the 16th and 17th Centuries," "A Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words," and other erudite works, used the term hocus as a verb, meaning to deceive or cheat or to adulterate; and hocus-pocus is, as a noun, as old as the English language itself. According to Turner, in his "History of the Anglo-Saxons," it is a corruption of "Ochus Bochus," a demon of the northern mythology; but Tillotson derives it from the "hoc est corpus" uttered by Romish priests on the elevation of the host; and the "Slang Dictionary" inclines to the opinion that it is a gipsy word of magic, similar to the "presto, fly." However, if "Historicus," in the many claims on his time and thought, may be excused having forgotten controversial lore, he might surely have remembered that the term "hocus-pocus" is used by Bishop Butler in "Hudibras." Certainly by none of the authorities mentioned has horse-racing on Epsom Downs been connected with the expression.

It would appear, from one of the letters from Goethe to Carlyle, read by Professor Max Müller at the inaugural meeting of the Goethe Society, that so late as 1828 Goethe was unacquainted with the fame of Coleridge. He charges Carlyle with complimentary messages to him as the translator of Wallenstein, but seems wholly unaware that he had achieved anything else. Yet Coleridge's finest poetry had then been composed for thirty years, and he had been fully as long the hierophant of German literature in England. It is strange that the beams of so bright a star had not yet struck so lofty a peak.

THE LATE PROFESSOR VON RANKE.

The death, at the age of ninety, of this eminent historian, Professor of History in the University of Berlin, occurred on Sunday, the 23rd ult., and was recorded last week. Leopold Ranke was born at Wiehe, in Thuringia, on Dec. 21, 1795. He was educated at Leipsic, and became, in 1818, principal teacher of the Gymnasium at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, in Prussia. In 1824 he published a "History of the Roman and Teutonic Nations from 1494 to 1535," which was followed, in the same year, by a critical treatise on the historical writings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. These works immediately gained him a reputation, which was recognised by his appointment, in 1825, to the Berlin University Professorship. In 1827 he was sent by the Prussian Government to Vienna, to Venice, to Florence, and to Rome, for the prosecution of historical researches in the archives there. The first result of his diligent investigations and sagacious conclusions was a treatise, published in that year, on the conduct of the European Princes and States in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In 1831 he wrote a narrative of the conspiracy to overthrow the Republic of Venice in 1688. He also wrote an account of the Servian Revolution. His work the "History of the Popes, their Church and State, in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," appeared in several volumes from 1834 to 1839. It was translated into English by Mrs. Austin, and was made the subject of a brilliant article by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review*. In 1841 Ranke was appointed historiographer to the Kingdom of Prussia, and thenceforth devoted himself chiefly, but not exclusively, to German history. The work most highly esteemed by his own countrymen is the "History of Germany in the Times of the Reformation," produced between 1839 and 1847; after which he wrote some twenty "Books of Prussian History," which certainly did not flatter the founders of that military monarchy. Ranke, indeed, was a decided Liberal in politics, and was for some time editor of a journal which was disapproved by the Prussian Court. Among his other writings, thirty or forty years ago, were "Annals of the House of Saxony," "Ferdinand I. and Maximilian II. of Austria," a narrative of French history in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and one of English history in the seventeenth century, with especial reference to the general affairs of the Continent. In 1848 Ranke was elected a member of the German National Assembly at Frankfort; indeed, he was regarded as a zealous advocate of the cause of German unity. He has been in high favour with the present King and Emperor, and with the Crown Prince, if not altogether with Prince Bismarck. He was raised, in 1866, to the rank of nobility, denoted by the prefix to his name as "Von Ranke," and was made Chancellor of the Order of Merit. His later works include a Life of Wallenstein, an essay upon the Origin of the Seven Years' War, an account of the leagues or alliances of German Sovereigns between 1780 and 1790, biographies of Frederick the Great and of the late King Frederick William IV., and five or six volumes of a "Weltgeschichte" or Universal History, in which he laboured, to the day of his death, with unimpaired intellectual faculties and with uninterrupted industry. The fifth volume ends with the reign of Charlemagne. The quantity of sound and solid historical work that he produced from original research was extraordinary. Our Portrait is from a photograph by Robert Wallich, of Berlin.

THE CRUISE OF THE SAILOR PRINCES.

Their Royal Highnesses Prince Albert Victor of Wales and Prince George of Wales, from Aug. 6, 1879, to Aug. 16, 1882, were serving as midshipmen on board H.M.S. Bacchante, and made a cruise round the world. Their private journals, letters, and note-books, edited by the Rev. J. N. Dalton, who was acting chaplain on board, and was tutor to the young Princes, form the contents of two handsome volumes, just published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., by permission of the Prince and Princess of Wales. We all know that "there is no Royal road to learning"; nor is there a Royal road to navigation or to literary authorship, in the sense of being able to attain respectable proficiency, or the reputation of it, without some talents and taking some pains to do the work as well as persons of inferior birth. Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, in this very interesting book, prove that they do possess the talents, and that they have taken the pains, to produce one of the best narratives of a long voyage, with descriptions of various places and people, that we have lately read. They write in a lively, concise, perfectly unaffected style; they are constantly observant, careful to obtain exact knowledge, thoughtful and reflective, and sometimes give strong expression to genuine feelings of English patriotism and desire for the welfare of mankind; but the vivacity of youth, with keen enjoyment of novelty, fun and adventure, not less than punctual regard to duty, pervades these diaries and letters. We hardly know which portions were written by the elder and which by the younger brother. Mr. Dalton has added some useful notes of his own upon the geography, history, statistics, and natural features of the countries visited; he also gives some account of colonial politics; his contributions, which we find instructive and judicious, are distinguished as set between brackets. The volumes contain, altogether, a very large quantity of matter, each consisting of more than six hundred closely-printed pages; the paper, typography, and binding are of superior quality; and there are good charts of the ocean voyages, marked with the ship's course, and many smaller maps and plans, and many pretty little engravings of scenery and figures.

The first volume is occupied with "The West and the South," from the Mediterranean to Teneriffe, Bermuda, the West Indies, the River Plate, the Falkland Islands, the Cape, Australia, and the Fiji Islands. With regard to the ordinary life of the two young Princes on board ship, it was exactly that of other midshipmen; they regularly took their turn, in all weathers, to keep watch and go aloft, to perform sail drill, or boat duty; they studied the details of seamanship, the practice of gunnery, as well as mathematics and French; and were under the orders of the Captain, Lord Charles Scott, and the First Lieutenant, the Hon. H. G. Curzon-Howe. The particulars of the daily routine, from hour to hour, are set forth in a tabular statement; the ship's log, and other documents of the voyage, will also be found here.

We have only space to notice a few of the more important experiences and observations that the Princes have recorded. The Bacchante, after first running up the Mediterranean to Palermo and Messina, sailed from Gibraltar, visiting Madeira and Teneriffe, crossed the Atlantic to Barbadoes, Trinidad, the Antilles, and Jamaica, and then returned to England, touching on the way at Bermuda. After refitting at Portsmouth, from May to July, 1880, she joined the combined Channel and Reserve squadrons, one ship of which bore the flag of the Duke of Edinburgh, for a cruise in the Bay of Biscay. It was not till the end of October in that year that the voyage to the southern hemisphere began, in company with the Detached or "Flying" Squadron, commanded by Lord Clanwilliam; and Monte Video was reached just before Christmas. On Jan. 8, writes Prince George, "Big cake in the gun-room, as it is Eddie's birthday, who is seventeen years old." It is only by such personal allusions to each other, now and then, we can tell which of the two is writing; thus Prince Albert Victor, whom the West Indians called Prince Edward, testifies in favour of "George's" steering of the whale-boat. The hope of seeing much of South America was cut off by a sudden order to the Detached Squadron to go to South Africa, at the outbreak of the Transvaal War, in January, 1881. Seven weeks of uncertainty were spent at Capetown and in the neighbourhood; but finally, peace having been concluded with the Boers, the squadron departed for Albany, West Australia. Mr. Dalton supplies a tolerably full historical account of the South African troubles of that period.

The Princes were on the shores of Australia, or passing from one colonial port and city to another, from May 16 to Aug. 20; and this sojourn in the great Southern land of English people is probably the most interesting part of their experiences to readers who care much more for the future prospects of our own nation, in what we call the British Empire, than for geographical and ethnological varieties in other regions of the globe. As their Royal Highnesses did not visit Canada, New Zealand, or India, their opportunity of seeing Australia must have served, better than anything else, to make them acquainted with the domestic condition of the Queen's immense dominions beyond seas. They first landed at Albany, in King George's Sound; and it is pleasant to hear of "a cricket-match between an eleven of the ship, in which George played, and the Albany Union Club." They rode up the country, "Eddy on a black horse called 'Leo,' after the present Pope," to Mr. Young's farmhouse, where they supped on minced kangaroo, with nice jam, cream, buttered scones, and tea, in Mrs. Young's kitchen. The glimpse of the simple, comfortable, hospitable family life of a worthy Scotch settler is charming. Mr. Hassell, whom we have the pleasure of knowing, gave a ball at the Albany magistrate's court-house; while the Government Resident, Mr. Loftie, did all he could to make the Princes feel at home. They arrived on June 12 at Adelaide, South Australia, and were much pleased with that agreeable city. The Governor, Sir William Jervois, Chief Justice Way, the Mayor of Adelaide, the Bishop, Mr. Angas, Mr. J. L. Stirling, and other leading members of colonial society, did the honours for South Australia. The Princes went down a copper-mine at Moonta, rode over the Mount Lofty hills, enjoyed a kangaroo hunt, witnessed a "korroberee" of the natives, and travelled overland to Victoria, reaching Melbourne by railway on June 25, when they were received by Lord and Lady Normanby, and by Mr. Graham Berry, the Prime Minister, and found their ship moored off Sandridge. In Collins-street and Swanston-street, they were surprised by the magnificence of the city buildings; but the population of Melbourne and its suburbs is 350,000, "where fifty years ago stood only a few wooden huts, and cows tied up to the trees." They went up to Ballarat, a town of the goldfields, and inspected one or two gold-mines. The public institutions of Melbourne received due attention, and their Royal Highnesses were entertained by the Mayor and Corporation. The town of Sandhurst, another flourishing community, was likewise visited by the young Princes. After "ten days' stay in bright Victoria," they again embarked in the Bacchante, which carried them to Sydney. The harbour of Port Jackson, the beautiful scenery of its shores, and the situation of the capital of New South Wales, are minutely described. The Governor (Lord Augustus Loftus), Sir Alfred Stephen, Sir Henry Parkes, Sir John Robertson, Sir William Manning, Sir Patrick Jennings, and other persons of note in this colony met the Princes and the Admiral of the squadron. Everything was shown to them, and there were dinners, balls, addresses, garden parties, concerts, and other festivities and complimentary ceremonies. They made an excursion by railway to the Blue Mountains, and saw the wonderful zigzags of the line, with its tremendous viaducts, the deep gorges and ravines, and the grand views from the Weatherboard and Govett's Leap. On July 23 they went on board H.M.S. Inconstant, their own ship being detained for repairs; but they rejoined the Bacchante a week later. It is to be regretted that they did not go to New Zealand. The round of Australian visits ended with one to Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, during four or five days, from Aug 16, in which Sir Arthur Kennedy (the Governor), Sir Arthur Palmer, and Sir T. M'Ilwraith showed them every attention. They did not go into the interior or to the northern part of Queensland.

THE BLOCKADE OF GREECE.

The Greek Government has addressed a letter to the Governments of Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Russia, and Italy, asking them to remove the blockade of the coasts of Greece, and excusing the delays in the reduction of the Greek military forces on the Turkish frontier. We present, on our front page, a few Sketches by a naval correspondent, showing two of the British vessels of war, H.M.S. Carysfort and H.M.S. Albacore, at the head of the Gulf of Nauplia; the village of Pulithra, on that part of the coast; and the approaches to two of the ports in the islands of the Ægean Sea—namely, that of Zea, and that of the island of Milo or Melos—which have been appointed stations for the dépôts of any prizes that might be captured by the International Squadron, in the event of the blockade continuing, if any vessels, Greek or foreign, should attempt to defy the blockade. The Gulf of Nauplia is that anciently known as the Argolic Gulf, on the eastern coast of the Peloponnesus, dividing the Laconian territory from Argolis; and the renowned ancient city of Argos was situated there, in the plain at its north-western extremity, with Tiryns and Nauplia on its shore in that vicinity. The Achæan Kings of Argolis, who reigned at Mycenæ, a few miles inland, were in Homer's time the most powerful of Greek rulers. Nauplia is at present one of the most flourishing seaports of the modern kingdom of Greece, having risen to importance under the Venetian dominion in the seventeenth century; it was captured by the Turks in 1715; its inhabitants took an active part in the struggle for Greek independence sixty years ago, and it was a revolt at Nauplia that caused the expulsion of King Otho in 1862. The town is commanded by the fortress of Palamedi, on a rock 700 ft. high, which is a place of great natural strength. The modern town of Argos, about eight miles distant, has 10,000 inhabitants, but there are few remains, above ground, of the ancient city, except an amphitheatre of the Roman period. The isles of Zea (Keos) and Melos, with Kythnos, Seriphos, and Siphnos, belonging to the inner Cyclades group, lie from sixty to eighty miles east of the mainland of Southern Greece; and a naval force stationed there commands the approach both to the Gulf of Nauplia and to the Gulf of Ægina and the Piræus, the port of Athens. These islands, as every student of Thucydides and other Greek historians will remember, bore an important part in the political confederation formed by the Athenian Republic, which was broken up in the Peloponnesian War. The isle of Melos, the soil of which, as of most of the others, is volcanic, produces wine, fruit, salt, alum, sulphur, and other valuable products. It was here that the beautiful marble statue, called the Venus of Milo, was discovered, and hence it was named. Melos, or Milo, has a large and safe harbour, with a small town on its shore; at the entrance is Kastro, founded by the Venetians or the Genoese. We hope the more discreet and prudent conduct of Greece will put an end to the disagreeable duty of occupying these maritime positions with foreign ships of war, to prevent a conflict that would certainly have been disastrous for that interesting nation, whose true welfare and honour we must all desire to promote.

THE TORNADO IN NORTH AMERICA.

The tremendous circular storm, whirlwind, cyclone, or tornado, which visited the central part of the great plain of the Mississippi on May 11, swept round a space of several hundred miles, almost in the middle of the breadth of the North American Continent. Its effects at Kansas City, of which we give some Illustrations, were especially destructive; forty persons were killed, as many seriously hurt; large buildings were overthrown in a moment, including the Lathrop school-house, in which sixteen children perished; the overall or great-coat factory of Haar Brothers, where eight of the work-women were killed; Smith and Moffat's spice factory, and the New Court-house, with many private dwellings; one span of the Hannibal bridge, which belongs to a railway, was also destroyed, having been constructed of timber, while the other portions, which were of iron, remained standing. The *Kansas City Journal* of the 12th is full of distressing accounts of this disaster. In the State of Minnesota, at a distance some four hundred miles to the north, the visitation of the cyclone was most severely felt between St. Cloud and Sauk Rapids, about seventy miles from the city of St. Paul. It appeared there as a true whirlwind, carrying a huge black cloud of dust, shaped like a funnel, which dropped on the town and snatched up whole buildings, as it seemed, tearing them in pieces and flinging them in every direction. This is the description we have received from a correspondent at St. Paul, Mr. E. Dray, who sends us photographs of the ruins of the principal street at Sauk Rapids, and of a bridge that was wrecked by the hurricane. The deaths it occasioned in Minnesota were more than seventy, besides a long list of injuries to persons of both sexes and all ages; at one place a wedding was being performed in church, when the storm came, the minister and the bridegroom were killed in an instant, and several of the wedding party were grievously hurt. Coins found in the pockets of the dead were changed in colour, as if by electricity. In Kansas, during the tempest, there was terrific thunder and lightning, with sheets of rain, but it continued only half an hour.

On the recommendation of the Secretary for Scotland, the Queen has appointed the Rev. Dr. John Cunningham, D.D., of Crieff, now Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, to be Principal of St. Mary's College, and Primarius Professor of Divinity in the University of St. Andrews, in the room of the late Principal Tulloch.

An extraordinary discovery was made in Aberdeen on Monday. A number of labourers were digging the foundation of a building in Ross's-court, Upper Kirkgate, an old thoroughfare, and when about 3 ft. below the surface they discovered a bronze pot containing about 15,000 English silver coins, of the reign of Edward I.

THE OIL WELLS OF BAKU.

(By our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson.)

The existence of naphtha or petroleum in the region of the Caspian has been known from an early period. El-Masudi, a Mohammedan author of the tenth century, speaking of Babikah or Baku, says that "in this naphtha country is a crater, or chimney, from which fire issues perpetually, throwing up a high flame." Baku is not the only place where the naphtha is found on the Caspian; it is known to exist on the eastern shores of the sea, and the island of Tcheleken, near Krasnovodsk, is covered with wells. At many places the naphtha gas bubbles up through the sea, and can be set on fire, which, from its wonderful appearance, is often done at spots near to Baku. Petroleum has been found in the Taman country, also near Novorossisk, on the Black Sea; and only lately I was told that a well had been sunk in the Crimea, near Kertch, which had tapped oil. There is also an oil-field near Tiflis. As yet, little has been done in working these various places, and their capabilities for supply cannot be determined at present. So far as is known, they are not likely to be equal to that of the wells at Baku, where the oil is so plentiful that, on the spot, its value is such that the streets have been at times watered, or, one ought to say, "oiled" by it; it is at the same time applied in many ways, where water might be used. I saw myself, where a man was levelling a piece of ground, that he poured petroleum over the earth, merely to soften it, so that he might beat it down to a smooth surface.

I brought to Baku a letter of introduction to Mr. Gustav Tornudd, the head manager of the business of Messrs. Nobel Brothers, the great oil kings of Baku. Mr. Tornudd speaks English, and was so kind to me in every way that I here acknowledge my obligations to him. In order that I might have every facility to see the wells, and the operations at the refineries, he placed me under the care of Mr. Charles Nobel, son of Mr. Ludwig Nobel, whose kindness and attention also earned my warmest thanks.

Close to Baku, on the north, there is a large promontory; it is called the Apsheron peninsula, and the great oil-field called Balakhani is on this ground, while the spot where the Fire Temple stands, as already described, is more to the east, and is called Surakhani. Balakhani is towards the north of this promontory, and the wells, of which there are over four hundred, extend over a large space—more than a square mile, if I should hazard a guess. A large wooden derrick is first erected. These, I was told, are almost the same as those used in America, the English name being applied in relation to them. An engine is necessary in the boring of the well, which will explain why there is a small wooden house attached to each of them. The boring of a well costs from £1000 to £3000, according to the depth and difficulties which may be encountered. A large mass of iron, which, from its form, may be described as being a chisel, is lifted up and down by the engine, while two men attend and give the instrument a slight turn at each stroke; by this means the rock is pounded and the well sunk. As the well proceeds in depth, portions of an iron tube are added at the top and pushed down, thus forming an iron pipe all the way. These tubes vary from 10 to 14 in. in diameter. The depth necessary to be bored is from 300 to 800 ft. This is much less than in America, where the wells average from 600 to 1800 ft., while some are as much as 2000 ft. The principal object of the iron pipe is that as soon as indications appear of the oil, which is generally preceded by a rush of gas, a cap can be fixed on the top with valves, to control and regulate the flow; for in some cases the oil has come up with such force that it has destroyed everything around. This was the case with one well known as the Droojba; it not only demolished everything belonging to the company that owned it, but, at the same time, it destroyed the establishments of other proprietors which were near to it; so great was the damage that the owners were ruined. It sent up 2,000,000 gallons a day for some time after it began. Nobel Brothers had one well which spouted 30,000,000 gallons of oil in four weeks. The copiousness of the supply of oil at Balakhani will be understood when it is stated that there are 25,000 wells in America, and altogether the result of their flow is no more than one of the wells just described; and as yet there is no sign of any diminution of quantity. Many of the firms have capped their wells, so as to keep the oil till the better facilities of transport will enable them to get a higher price for it. When the oil flows up of its own accord at Baku, it is called a "fountain"; one of these threw a jet into the air 200 ft. high. The oil in such cases is not altogether lost, it is allowed to flow into hollows of the ground, from which most of it is afterwards pumped.

The oil at first was carted in barrels to the refineries at Baku; but the Nobel Brothers laid down a pipe all the way, a plan which was followed by others, and it is pumped through now by this means, and at a much cheaper rate than it could be carried by the carts. Pumping is a cheap process, for no coal is required, the refuse of the oil being used in all cases as fuel. At Balakhani, and at the refineries, pipe lines, like veins, may be seen running along the ground in every direction.

The refineries are congregated together along the shore, about a mile or so to the north of Baku; they are known as the Tcherni Gorod or "Black Town," from the clouds of dark smoke which always surround the locality, and the sombre appearance of the place. The Nobel Brothers, who have introduced every modern improvement into their establishment, consume their own smoke. The fuel used in the distilling is also the refuse from that process. As the oil flows after distilling, its quality is tested in the receiving-house. It is then pumped to another part of the works, where it has to be purified; this is done in large tanks, by means of sulphuric acid, which destroys some minute vegetable substance in the oil. After this process, the oil is ready for use.

The use of the petroleum refuse as fuel, and its application to steam-boilers, is an important question, and ought to have an interest to many in this country. The steamers on the Caspian are all fitted for this new kind of fuel, and use no other; some of the engines on the railway are also adapted for it. Many engines are employed at Balakhani and Baku in connection with the works, and the refuse is utilised by them all. The people connected with Messrs. Nobel's have stoves burning with it in their houses. In our outward journey to Persia, in the voyage from Baku to Resht, on the Caucasus and Mercury Company's steamer Michael, the captain kindly showed us the apparatus in use. One pipe conveys the naphtha, while another brings steam from the boiler. The naphtha flows through an aperture into the blast of high pressure steam; the result is that the oil is "pulverised" or blown into minute particles, which become a sheet of flame underneath the whole length of the boiler.

[We shall give further Illustrations of the petroleum wells and works at Baku.]

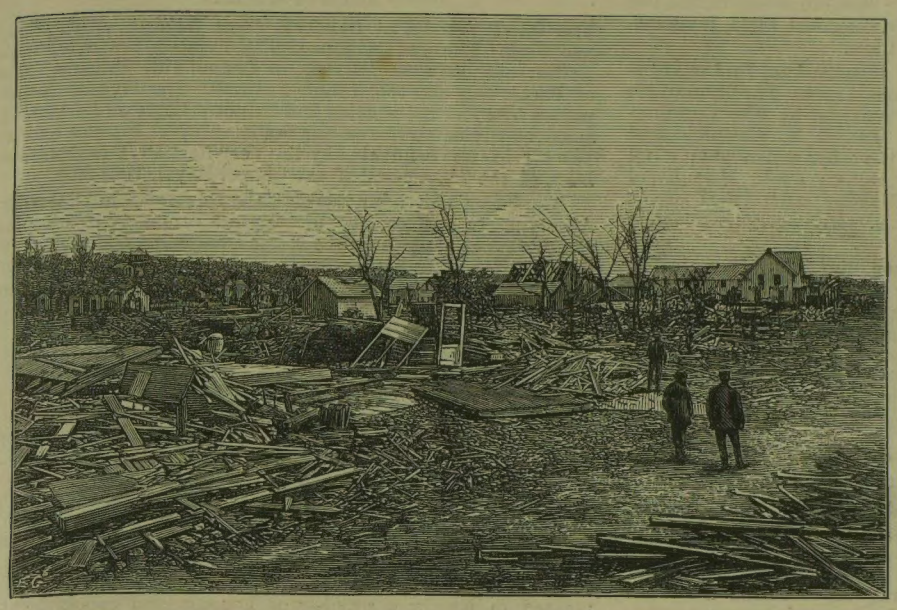
A spot-barred match, in which J. Roberts conceded W. Mitchell 4000 start in 12,000, which had been in progress throughout last week at the Billiard Hall, Argyll-street, was concluded on Saturday. By the end of the fourth day Roberts was nearly 700 points in advance, and afterwards increasing this lead, finally won by 2621 points. On Saturday he made a break of 428.

THE PETROLEUM OIL-WELLS OF BAKU, ON THE CASPIAN.

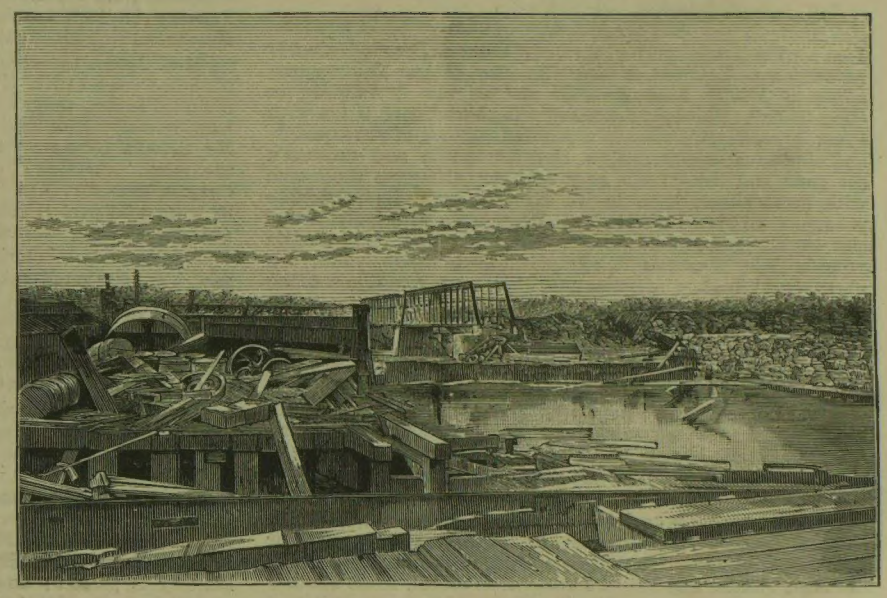
SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

REFINING WORKS OF MESSRS. NOBEL BROTHERS.

APPARATUS FOR BURNING PETROLEUM ON BOARD THE CASPIAN STEAMERS.



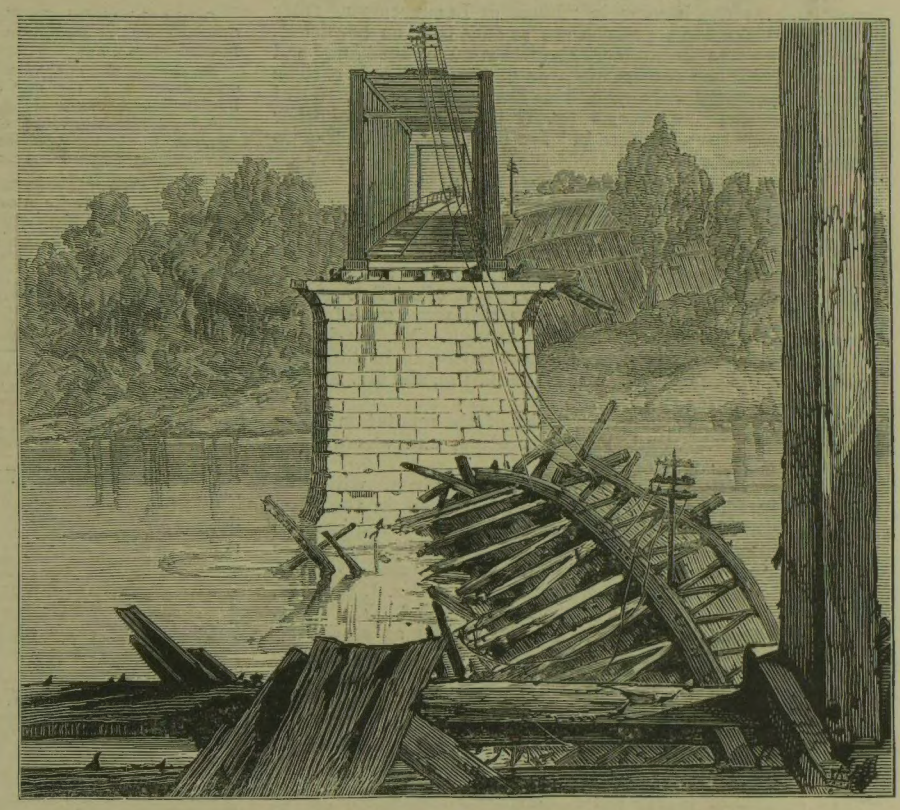
STREET AT SAUK RAPIDS, MINNESOTA.



BRIDGE DEMOLISHED BY THE TORNADO.

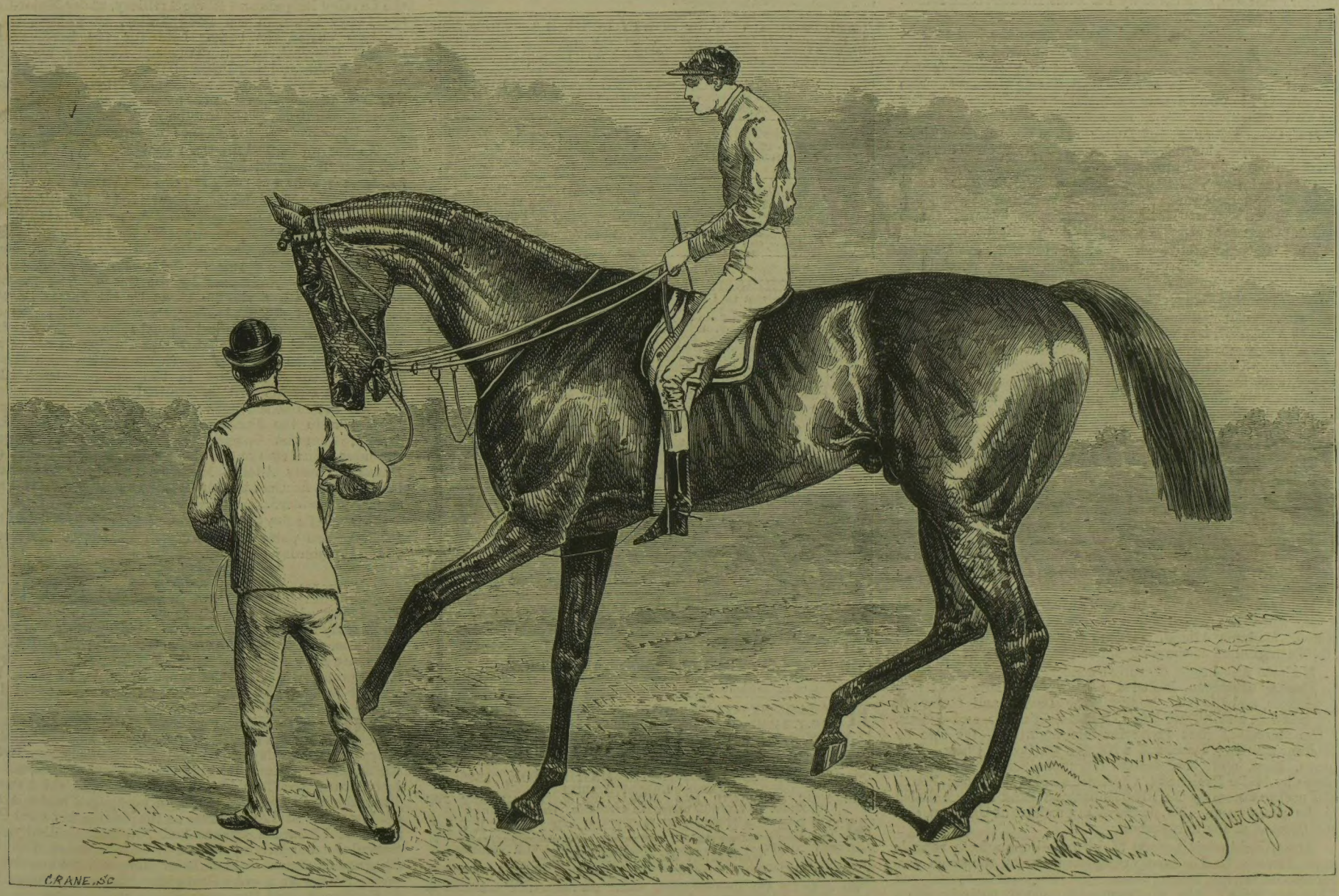


STREET IN KANSAS CITY.



BRIDGE IN KANSAS CITY.

EFFECTS OF THE TORNADO IN NORTH AMERICA.



ORMONDE, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Last week's opening performance of "Lucrezia Borgia" (already noticed) was followed, on the Thursday, by the first appearances of Mdlle. Ella Russell, and Signor D'Andrade in "Rigoletto." The lady sustained the character of Gilda with great success. Her voice is a genuine soprano, of pure quality and extensive upper range. Her intonation and execution are good, and her style is very refined. She gave the music with great effect, both in its expressive and its passionate passages. Signor D'Andrade's performance as Rigoletto was also highly successful alike in its vocal and its dramatic aspects. He possesses a sympathetic baritone voice, his phrasing is highly artistic, and his impersonation of the unhappy Court jester was throughout forcible without being extravagant or grotesque. The two artists just referred to should prove valuable acquisitions to the company. As Maddalena, Mdlle. Lubatovi improved on the impression made by her début on the previous Tuesday, when she suffered from extreme nervousness. In consequence of the sudden indisposition of Signor Gayarre, the part of the Duke was transferred to Signor Marini, who gave his music with good effect.

Last Saturday Madame Albani appeared as Margherita in "Faust" and repeated her well-known charming performance of the character. Signor Gayarre, in the title-character, was, as heretofore, excellent alike vocally and dramatically; Signor D'Andrade, as Valentino, fully confirmed the success previously obtained by him, and Mdlle. Lubatovi, as Siebel, made another step in advance. Signor Monti's Mefistofele was a repetition of a meritorious performance of past seasons.

On Tuesday Mdlle. Ella Russell made her second appearance, and, as the heroine in "Lucia di Lammermoor," fully maintained the high position she at once took on her début. Her singing was throughout characterised by brilliancy and sentiment, and her success was even greater than before. The cast included Signor Pandolfini as Enrico, and Signor Marini as Edgardo. On Thursday, Mdlle. Teodorini was to make her first appearance as Valentina in "Les Huguenots." Of this we must speak next week.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

The new season of these performances opened at Drury-Lane Theatre on Monday night, when the English version of Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" was performed, with a very efficient cast. Madame Georgina Burns as the Countess, and Madame Julia Gaylord as Susanna, sang with great effect throughout. Miss Marian Burton, as the Page Cherubino, was graceful and sentimental, but scarcely vivacious enough. Mr. Barrington Foote was an efficient Figaro, the cast having included Mr. T. Sauvage as the Count, Mr. C. Lyall as Basilio, and Mr. A. Cook as Dr. Bartolo.

The band and chorus were worthy of the reputation of the establishment. Mr. Carl Rosa conducted, and was warmly welcomed on his appearance.

On Tuesday evening "Manon" was given, with the powerful performance of Madame Marie Roze in the title-character; among other features of the cast having been, as before, the Chevalier Des Grieux of Mr. Barton McGuckin, the Count of Mr. Burgon, and the Guillot Morfontaine of Mr. C. Lyall. The part of Lescaut was sustained by Mr. J. Sauvage, and other characters were also efficiently filled. The opera was well given throughout, with Mr. Goosens as conductor. Of subsequent proceedings we must speak next week: The new opera, "The Troubadour"—composed by Mr. Mackenzie, the book by Mr. Francis Hueffer—is to be produced next Tuesday.

The Queen has taken a box for the whole of this season's performance by the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

At Grosvenor House last Saturday, by permission of the Duke of Westminster, a concert was given in aid of the Hospital for Epilepsy, Paralysis, and other Nervous Diseases. Herr Franke's vocal quartet, and some members of the Richter orchestra, conducted by Dr. Hans Richter, contributed to a varied programme.

The Westminster Orchestral Society gave the last concert of its first season on Saturday at the Westminster Townhall.

The last Philharmonic concert of the seventy-fourth season took place at St. James's Hall during the week. The programme included a new orchestral "suite" composed for the Philharmanic Society by Herr Moszkowski.

MM. Coenen, Buziau, and Lasserre gave the second of their concerts of chamber music at Prince's Hall on Thursday afternoon with a good programme.

This (Saturday) afternoon Madame Adelina Patti is to make her first appearance in London this season at a concert, at the Royal Albert Hall, the programme of which also includes the names of several other eminent artists.

Mr. Kuhe's annual concert is announced for next Monday at St. James's Hall, the programme being of very special and varied interest.

Miss Georgina Ganz—daughter of the eminent pianist and conductor, Mr. W. Ganz—made a very successful first appearance as a vocalist, last week, at her father's matinée.

Señor Sarasate gave the last of his series of five orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon, when he played, with the same brilliant effect as on former and recent occasions, Mr. Mackenzie's violin concerto and that by Mendelssohn, besides pieces of the player's own composition. A full orchestra, conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins, contributed to the programme.

The fifth Richter concert of the series took place at St. James's Hall on Monday evening, when the programme opened with an effective overture, composed by Mr. F. H. Cowen for the opening of the Liverpool Exhibition. Mr. Charles Hallé gave a very artistic rendering of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat, and the concert closed with a fine performance of the same composer's "Eroica" symphony, this having been preceded by two orchestral pieces from Berlioz's "Roméo et Juliette."

Mr. Henry Leslie's choir gave an attractive concert last week, when the choristers were heard in various choral pieces. Madame Albani, Madame Neruda, and Mr. Charles Hallé contributed to the programme.

Madame Antoinette Sterling's concert at St. James's Hall, on Monday afternoon, included her own excellent vocal performances, and those of Misses Mary Davies and Griswold, Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli. Rubinstein's solo and chorus, "The Mermaid," was given for the first time—the solo by Madame Sterling, associated with the St. Cecilia Choir—with piano, harp, and harmonium accompaniment. Pianoforte pieces by M. De Pachmann, violoncello solos by Signor Piatti, and performances by the Blue Hungarian band were included in the programme. Mr. J. Cheshire presided at the harp, and Mr. Coward at the harmonium.

Anton Rubinstein's series of historical pianoforte recitals at St. James's Hall is nearly completed, five of the seven performances having taken place. At the fourth recital (on Thursday week), the programme consisted entirely of a selection from Schumann's works; the following recital (on Tuesday) having comprised pieces by Clementi, Field, Hummel, Moscheles, Henselt, Thalberg, and Liszt.

Miss Helena Cunningham gave a concert on Friday afternoon last week at No. 17, Harrington-gardens. The programme included several songs charmingly rendered by Miss Cunningham herself. Miss Hilda Coward, Miss A. M. Wakefield, and Mr. Selwyn Graham were among the other artists completing the vocal selection, and Mrs. Dutton Cook, Miss Ethel Cunningham, and Miss Winifred Holiday contributed to the instrumental part of the programme. Mr. George Grossmith gave an amusing musical sketch.

Mademoiselle Victoria De Bunsen, the Swedish contralto, gave a concert on Monday evening at Prince's Hall, under distinguished patronage; Mr. George Gear's annual concert was given at St George's Hall, on Tuesday evening; and on the same day Madame Hughes Paltzer and Mr. Neville Hughes gave their annual matinée musicale, at 10, Westbourne-street, by permission of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Levy.

Miss Madeline Hardy will give a morning concert next Wednesday, at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman-street, assisted by several artists of note.

The Queen has become patron of the Gordon Working Lads' Institute, Kirkdale, Liverpool, and gives £20 to the funds of the institution. Her Majesty has also forwarded £50 to the Royal Maternity Charity, 31, Finsbury-square, of which her Majesty is patron; and the charity has received donations of £50 from the Goldsmiths' and the Grocers' Companies.

DEATHS.

On the 28th ult., at the Château de Villandry, Indre et Loire, France, Gertrude, wife of the Baron Auguste De Nexon, and grand-daughter of Edward Blount, Esq., C.B., aged 26.

On the 21st ult., at the Dardanelles, Asia Minor, Louisa Florence Calvert, only daughter of the late James Calvert, Esq., of Malta, and of the Dardanelles, aged 65 years.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for Eight Days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Week-day from Victoria 10a.m. Fare 12s. 6d. (including Pullman Car). Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE.
Viâ NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
Tidal Special Express Service (First and Second Class)
From Victoria and London Bridge every Weekday morning
Night Service, Weekdays and Sundays (First, Second, and Third Class).
From Victoria, 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge, 8 p.m
Fares: Single, 31s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s.
A spacious and commodious Station has been constructed on the new East Quay at Newhaven, wherein passengers will find every possible convenience and comfort.
The Normandy and Britanny, Splendid Fast Paddle-Steamers, accomplish the passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3½ hours.
A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versâ.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Time-Book, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station; and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate-circus Office.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Comique Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artistes of renowned celebrity.
The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season.
SEA BATHING AT MONACO,
on a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year.
MONTE CARLO is provided with the following excellent Hotels:—The Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hotel, the Victoria Hotel, Hôtel des Anglais, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, de Londres, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE HUNDRED AND FIFTH EXHIBITION is now Open, 5, Pall-mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission 1s. Illustrated Catalogue 1s.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Secretary.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWINGROOM. Painted by F. SARGENT.—Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK and SONS beg to announce the Exhibition of this magnificent Picture, containing 130 Portraits, painted from special sittings, of her Majesty, the Royal Family, Leaders of Society, and others, at the NEW GAINSBOROUGH GALLERY, 25, Old Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE BLENHEIM GALLERY.
MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, and WOODS respectfully give Notice that they will SELL by AUCTION, at their Great ROOMS, 8, King-street, St. James's-square, on SATURDAY, JUNE 26, and following Days, by order of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, the BLENHEIM GALLERY of PICTURES by Old Masters, including Travellers at an Inn, by A. Cuyp; The Madonna and Child, and Mrs. Morton, Lady Killigrew, and several other fine Portraits by Van Dyck; two Landscapes by Van Der Neer; The Woman Taken in Adultery and Isaac Blessing Jacob, by Rembrandt; Venus and Cupid Restraining Adonis from the Chase; Portrait of Anne of Austria, The Adoration of the Magi, The Return of the Holy Family, and numerous other important works of Rubens; and works of Breughel, Jordaens, Ruysdael, Snyders, J. B. Weenix, &c.; the series of 120 copies by D. Teniers of the Pictures in the Archduke Leopold William's Gallery. The Italian Pictures include the celebrated Madonna Colla Stolle, by Carlo Dolce, engraved by Mandel; St. Nicholas of Bari, by Titian; and works of Albertinelli, Bonifaccio, Carracci, L. Giordano, Tintoretto, M. Venusti, P. Veronese; also works of Claude, Lancret, Pater, Poussin, Watteau; interesting Portraits by Baroccio, Dobson, Gainsborough, Geerhardts, Holbein, Honthorst, Kneller, Lely, Mignard, Mirevelt, Pantoja, Reynolds, Rigaud, Van Somer, Titian, and P. Veronese, and the Collection of Oriental Porcelain and Miniatures.—Catalogues may shortly be had, price 1s. each; or 1s. 3d., by post, on application.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—CLITO, an original Tragedy by Sydney Grundy and Wilson Barrett, EVERY EVENING at Eight. Scenery by W. Telbin, Stafford Hall, and Walter Hann. Music by Mr. Edward Jones. Costumes by Madame Auguste and V. Barthe. Archæology of the Tragedy by E. W. Godwin, F.S.A. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Clynds, Hudson, A. Melford, Fulton, Bernage, Elliott, Barrington, De Solla, Carson, &c.; Misses Coote, Wilson, Garth, Belmore, and Miss Eastlake. Box-office 9.30 till Five. No fees. Carriages at 10.45. Business Manager, Mr. John Cobbe.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—FAUST, EVERY EVENING at Eight. Mephistopheles, Mr. Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry; Martha, Mrs. Stirling. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from Ten to Five.—LYCEUM.

TO-DAY (SATURDAY), FAUST, at TWO O'CLOCK, and SATURDAYS, JUNE 12, 19, and 26, at Two o'Clock. On these SATURDAYS, JUNE 5, 12, 19, 26, the Theatre will be closed at Night.

HAYMARKET.—Lessees and Managers, Messrs. E. RUSSELL and G. F. BASHFORD.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight, JIM, THE PENMAN, by Sir Charles L. Young, Bart. Messrs. Dacre, Barrymore, Tree, Sugden, &c.; Miss Helen Layton, Miss Lindley, and Lady Monckton. Seats can be booked one month in advance, from Ten till Five. No fees.

INDIAN AND COLONIAL EXHIBITION, 1886.
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOST BRILLIANT AND ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT FOR VISITORS TO LONDON during the Exhibition. The world-famed
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.
The oldest established and the most popular performance in existence.
EVERY NIGHT at Eight. DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at Three.
Omnibuses run direct from the Exhibition to the doors of the St. James's Hall. Fare 2d. and 3d.
NO FEES OF ANY DESCRIPTION. Ladies can retain their bonnets in all parts. Prices of Admission—1s., 2s., 3s., 5s.

THE COURT.

The Queen arrived at Balmoral from Windsor on Thursday last week. She was accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Prince Arthur, and Princess Patricia of Connaught, Princess Louis of Battenberg and the infant Princess. Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Louis of Battenberg, attended Divine service on Sunday morning at Craithie church. The service was conducted by the Very Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, Dean of the Thistle and of the Chapel Royal, Holyrood.

The Queen's birthday was officially celebrated last Saturday. According to custom, the picturesque ceremony of trooping the colours took place on the Horse Guards' parade-ground, in the presence of the Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal family. The display was witnessed by an immense number of people, including Ambassadors, Ministers, and members of both Houses of Parliament. The Duke of Cambridge was in command, and the Prince of Wales, as Colonel of the Guards, took part in the movement. In the evening the Prince of Wales, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretaries of State, and other members of the Government, entertained distinguished parties at dinner; and the Countess of Rosebery held a reception at the Foreign Office. Lady Thornton gave a garden party at Constantinople yesterday week, in celebration of the Queen's birthday, at which the Turkish Ministers, the foreign Diplomatic Body, and all the leading members of Constantinople society were present. It was announced, in connection with the Queen's birthday, that her Majesty has been pleased to bestow a number of honours and appointments. Sir Robert Biddulph and Sir Clare Ford become Knights Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and several knighthoods are also conferred.

The parents of Miss Louisa Journeaux, the heroine of the Jersey boating adventure, who was rescued by a vessel after drifting about at sea for nearly three days, and taken to Newfoundland, have received a letter from the Queen, in which her Majesty congratulates them on the rescue and safety of their daughter. Her Majesty has also sent a kind message and a sum of money for Miss Journeaux.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor were among the visitors to Epsom yesterday week to see the race for the Oaks, which was won by the Duke of Hamilton's Miss Jummy. The day was fine, and the downs were crowded with gazers. The Prince and Princess witnessed the performance of "The Wife's Sacrifice," at the St. James's Theatre, in the evening. The Prince and Princess on Saturday afternoon opened the new bridge which crosses the Thames at Putney. The inhabitants of Fulham and Putney gave their Royal Highnesses a hearty welcome, the streets being decorated and crowds assembling to cheer the Prince and Princess as they passed. In a pavilion erected on the southern side of the bridge an address was presented to their Royal Highnesses. In response, the Prince expressed the interest they had felt in a work which had been designed to supply a want long felt by the ever-increasing population of that district. The Prince and Princess were accompanied by Princesses Louise and Victoria. In the evening the Princess visited the Royal Italian Opera. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess, Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service. Prince Albert Victor afterwards returned to Aldershott. By command of the Queen, the Prince on Monday held a Levée at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, which was very largely attended. His Royal Highness was present at a meeting held at the Royal United Service Institution, under the presidency of the Duke of Cambridge, when Captain Columb gave a lecture in favour of Imperial federation. The Prince also presided at a meeting of the committee of the Duke of Albany's Memorial Church Society at Marlborough House. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princess Louise, dined with the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry at Londonderry House. On Tuesday the Prince, accompanied by the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, reviewed the Cavalry Brigade and Horse Artillery, under Major-General Sir Drury Lowe, in the Long Valley, at Aldershott. The Princess visited the bazaar held for the Great Northern Central Hospital, in Knightsbridge Barracks, and Princess Mary Adelaide and the Princess Victoria of Teck kept a stall. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at an operatic performance in aid of the funds of the Gordon Boys' Home, by the Drawing-Room Operatic Company, at the Grosvenor Hall, in the evening.

We are authorised to state that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will hold a Levée on her Majesty's behalf at St. James's Palace towards the end of this month.

Prince George of Wales, who arrived at Gibraltar on board her Majesty's yacht Imogene, sailed thence on Sunday for Malta.

Princess Christian, accompanied by her husband and two daughters, Princess Victoria and Princess Louise, unveiled, last Saturday, the statue of John Hunter, presented to the Oxford University Museum by the Queen. The proceedings commenced with a short address by Sir James Paget. Sir Henry Acland sketched Hunter's career, and spoke of his influence in promoting physiological science. On Monday the Princess opened a bazaar at Knightsbridge in aid of a fund for the erection of buildings in connection with the Great Northern Central Hospital, in the Holloway-road. It was stated that £40,000 will be required to carry out a scheme to provide accommodation for 150 beds. Among other stallholders were the Duchess of Westminster, the Duchess of Argyll, Countess Cowper, the Marchioness of Downshire, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lady Henderson, Lady George Hamilton, Lady Adeliza Manners, and Lady Herschell. A book of the fair, containing numerous illustrations, has been specially produced.

Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) issued invitations for a garden party at Kensington Palace, to meet colonial visitors, yesterday (Friday).

THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.

The Derby of this year, as everybody who cared for racing knew early in the afternoon of Wednesday week, the great day at Epsom, was won by Ormonde, the offspring of Bend Or by the mare Lily Agnes, ridden by Frederick Archer. Ormonde is the property of the Duke of Westminster, by whom he was bred at Eaton. The son of Bend Or made a successful début in the Newmarket Second October week last year, when he beat Modwena for a Post Produce Stakes. He next secured the Criterion Stakes in a canter from Oberon, Mephisto, and three others, and two days later scored a similarly easy victory in the Dewhurst Plate. He commenced his three-year-old career by winning the Two Thousand Guineas at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting. Ormonde is engaged in the Doncaster St. Leger, the St. Leger Stakes at the Newmarket First October Meeting, Champion Stakes and Newmarket Derby at the Second October Meeting, Prince of Wales's Stakes, Ascot Derby, St. James's Palace Stakes, Rous Memorial Stakes, and Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot; Gratwicke Stakes and Sussex Stakes at Goodwood; and Doncaster Stakes at Doncaster.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Theatrical London has witnessed, this summer, an American invasion. American comedies, eccentric American artists, American variety shows, American ballets, tumblers, acrobats, and step-dancers occupy public attention, and claim a cordial welcome. Three theatres in the Strand are at present occupied with American combination parties, who depend entirely on their own resources for the task of amusing the public. The best American dramatic art unquestionably is that shown at the Strand Theatre, where Mr. Augustus Daly's company, from New York, has started "A Night Off," an amusing adaptation of a German farce, and proposes to go on with a round of their famous comedies. The artists connected with Mr. Daly's theatre may be considered old friends. They came over here one very hot summer, two years ago, and delighted all who had sufficient strength and energy to go to the theatre at a time of tropical heat. Returning at a more favourable season, they have at once "caught on," as the Americans say, and are playing to crowded houses. Small wonder, indeed, that it is so; for it is a long time since London has seen so compact, so harmonious, or so friendly a company. It is the best comedy that has been seen here since the old Bancroft Society dissolved in the Tottenham-court-road, and is, if anything, stronger and with more nervous power. It would be difficult with us to find actor or actress to compare with Mr. James Lewis and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert in this line, so neat is their art and so quiet their method. It is to be hoped that a good many matinées will be given, in order that our comedians may watch and take notes, so as ultimately to be convinced that the best art is sometimes the result of the least effort. Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert do not tear at their parts or perspire over their work. They hold their audience by the simplest means. Mr. James Lewis reminds me more of Raval and Lesueur in their best days than any actors I can call to mind. Every look, every action, has been studied. Mrs. Gilbert has a fine stage face and a dignity in her manner that is very remarkable. Her rage is never that of a noisy virago, or an acidulated old maid; it is calm and incisive sarcasm. Her sneer is a treat, for there is a world of meaning in it. Nothing disturbs this calm and impressive repose. The most erratic husband quails before Mrs. Gilbert's proud and penetrating eye. But the indescribable eccentricity of the company, and, in a way, its genius, is Miss Ada Rehan, a comic actress with a marked nature and a strong individuality. With the exception of Mrs. John Wood we have had no such pretty low comedian on the stage. For Ada Rehan is, before all things, droll. Her calm unconscious way of saying funny things is delightful. That merry twinkle in her eye speaks volumes. The very drawl in her voice is a manner, but a very funny one. In this particular play Miss Rehan has not quite so good a part as usual, or rather not one that shows off her power of fun to the best advantage; but her fortune-telling scene with Mr. John Drew is as delightful and well-acted an episode as there is in the play. This same Mr. John Drew, son of the cleverest actress in America and brother of the accomplished Mr. Maurice Barrymore, is a thoroughly interesting and charming young actor, with a good appearance and a very refined style. He plays all kind of business, from the gayest of the gay to the severest of the severe; but he, like all the rest of the company, knows his business, and never forces himself into prominence to the detriment of the cast and the play. Miss May Irwin, a funny representative of American servants; Miss Virginie Dreher, a singularly handsome and well-dressed actress; Mr. Otis Skinner, who has repressed his energy; and Mr. Charles Leclercq, an English actor long resident in America, are the mainstays of a company whose work convinces one of the value of playing together. We saw it with the Comédie Française in old days; we saw it with the Dutch players; we saw it with the Court actors from Meiningen; we see it again in Mr. Daly's happy family. What a good thing it would be if we could get one theatre in London where the cast was not constantly being changed, and where the "star system" was abjured.

Those who like noise and boisterous playing will probably enjoy "Adonis" at the Gaiety, the eccentric amalgam of absurdity that has run for over 600 nights in New York. With the exception of Mr. Dixey, the talent is quite second rate, and the play does not bear one moment's consideration. It is an affair of shreds and pieces, of rags and tatters. The popular points of a dozen plays have been taken and boiled down into a rich but unsavoury stew. The music-hall, the circus, the clown, the negro serenader, the burlesque writer, and the joke-book have all been drawn upon in order to provide the detail for this incomprehensible entertainment. Over it presides a really clever man, who is worthy of better things. Mr. Dixey is a sharp, versatile, and ingenious gentleman. He is as quick as a juggler, and as active as an antelope. He sings, dances, grimaces, and gives ample proof of his dexterity. The stage is never dull when he is on it. At one time he is engaged on a wonderfully elaborate and ornate imitation of Mr. Henry Irving, whose every look, attitude, and movement he reproduces; at another, in a barber's shop and chemical store, he is doing what children call "playing at shop," and going through the familiar tricks of the entertainers of the wooden class and type. It will remain to be seen if the dexterity, adroitness, and personal charm of Mr. Dixey can balance the dulness and boredom of the rest of the entertainment. He is the ounce of sweet in a heavy pound of bitter; but curiosity is not unlikely to put the bright star before the duller and paler constellations.

The third American novelty that has been produced at the Opera Comique Theatre does not deserve any very serious attention. "Our Strategists" is not the kind of play that could ever be permanently popular in this country; but some may think it interesting to note that in modern America the silliest buffoonery passes muster, as well as the most delicate art. The gap between Mr. Daly's company at the Strand, and the one playing exactly opposite, at the Opera Comique, is wide indeed!

Charles Wyndham has not played Rover in "Wild Oats," except at occasional and scratch performances, since 1873. Naturally enough, he is an infinitely better actor now than he was then. Apparently, he has not aged in the least. His spirits are as high and his vivacity as exuberant as ever; his lively and impulsive nature quickens and exhilarates the scene; but since then he has gained in balance, and a long experience has enabled him to hold the reins of his fancy in a tighter and a firmer grasp. Anxious to do every justice to O'Keeffe's old play, the manager of the Criterion has engaged an excellent company, and done his utmost to apply to old-fashioned comedy the rich resources and mechanical devices of the modern theatre. It is easy to see that O'Keefe's famous comedy is an "actors' play"—that is to say, a play written by an actor for actors. He knew all the tricks of the boards, and when to thrust in laughter, tears, sentiment, and clap-trap. Once the old actor-author is reported to have said, "I would have a play of mine either applauded to the roar or nobly hissed off at once, and die game; no flat wine: sweet or vinegar let it be!" Wyndham certainly does his best that the spirit of the comedy shall not evaporate. It is a remarkably clever performance, and the quotations with which the part abounds are introduced without extravagant point or pedantry. They flow naturally out of the mouth of the "bold Thunder" who is careless in his habits, affectionate to his friends, and gallant to every pretty girl he meets. Associated with him in the artistic success of the play are Mr. David James, who with his honest British face and hearty manner makes an ideal John Dory; Mr. Edward Righton, who is excellent as Sir George Thunder; and Mr. George Giddens, who gives a sound and thoroughly comic embodiment of Sim, the conventional rustic stage-lout, once a favourite character with the celebrated Blanchard—father of our E. L. Blanchard, the veteran critic, and everybody's friend! Nor do the younger artists fail to give a good account of themselves. The part of Lady Amaranth—that sweet creature who has delighted old playgoers in the person of Ellen Tree, and younger ones in the charming form of Henrietta Hodson—was rightly given to Miss Mary Moore, a sweet-voiced, refined, and very promising artist. A prettier picture than Miss Moore as Lady Amaranth the modern stage has seldom seen. It was the idealisation of purity and guileless innocence. The best arrangement has, no doubt, been made to put "Wild Oats" on the stage in accordance with modern plan and precept; but the "tableau curtain" is an abomination, in my eyes, and almost unpardonable in old comedy. I would have sacrificed half the detail, elaborate and expensive as it was, to avoid those dreadful gaps in the interest. O'Keefe did not write his bold free comedy up to spinets and arm-chairs, and cracked china and corner cupboards, as modern writers do. He was not cataloguer to an upholsterer, but a play-actor, a student of audiences and of human nature. The spinet and the arm-chairs are all very well, but they are not indispensable. I would sooner see a room or a wood painted on a cloth, that could roll up and enable the actors to get on with the story, and not disturb its fever heat of impetuosity and rattling action. C. S.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The House of Lords is an oasis in which it is pleasant to seek change of air from the malodorous Lower Chamber. Compared with the acerbity shown by the Commons in debating the Irish Home Rule Bill, the calm imperturbability of the Peers is quite soothing. So far from Ireland blocking the way in "another place," Earl Spencer yesterday week disengaged his mind from Dublin Castle for the purpose of introducing a measure for the better prevention of the spread of rabies and cattle disease; on Monday Lord Greville initiated a serviceable discussion on Friendly Societies, Lord Iddesleigh and others agreeing with the noble Lord as to the necessity of protecting the investments of thrifty working-men; and on Tuesday the Marquis of Salisbury hurled an ironic bolt at his own Chairman of Committees, by informing the Duke of Buckingham that "the standing orders were not brought down by Moses from the Mount." This was apropos of non-compliance with the orders on the part of the promoters of the bill for the erection of new docks at Gravesend—a great work which would employ 7000 men, as Lord Salisbury aptly pointed out. None the less, the rules were upheld, the noble Marquis the Leader of the Opposition plainly being within an ace of exclaiming, in the words of the Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein, "Oh, hang the regulations!"

It was impossible, seemingly, for the Lords, however, to wholly avoid the burning question of the hour. Earl Spencer's defence of the Arms Bill for Ireland on Tuesday was made the peg on which Lord Northbrook, Lord Ashbourne, Lord Selborne, Lord Cranbrook, and the Duke of Argyll hung arguments against the Irish policy of the Government, which found firm defenders in Lord Kimberley and Lord Herschell. Earl Spencer, whose steadfast support of the Ministerial measure has been a tower of strength to the Premier, then secured the adoption of the Arms Bill. To balance matters, their Lordships then read the Crofters' Bill the third time. The Upper House thus preserves the balance impartially, on the whole.

Socially and commercially inconvenient as a Dissolution of Parliament in midsummer would be—why, it would utterly wreck what bade fair to be one of the most brilliant London Seasons of modern times—we are threatened with an Appeal to the Country if Mr. Gladstone's Government of Ireland Bill, reduced now to the mere cardinal principle of Home Rule, should be negatived in the division on the second reading. In the interests of the metropolis and of the country generally, this course of procedure is to be deplored. Sooner or later, the grave issue will have to be decided by the Electorate. But it would be surely far better to hold the General Election during the customary autumn recess than in the summer.

A preponderant number of members on both sides the House being admittedly in favour of some measure of extended local self-government for Ireland, it says little for the ingenuity and resources of Parliamentary leaders that a common ground of agreement cannot be hit upon. Mr. Gladstone, in his important speech to Ministerialists at the Foreign Office, on Thursday week, practically cut down his bill to one clause—that of affirming the expediency of granting Home Rule to Ireland in regard to purely local matters. Obviously to conciliate the body of Liberals who follow Mr. Chamberlain's lead, the Premier at the meeting avowed the readiness of the Government to amend the bill so as to admit Irish representatives to the Imperial Parliament when Irish taxation and other Imperial subjects come to be considered. The bill would be dropped after the second reading, and be reintroduced in a special autumn Session. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach moved the adjournment of the House on Friday week, in order to inveigh against what he designated as this "Continuance in Office Bill"; but the Leader of the Opposition gained nothing by doing so. Although the resumed debate this week on the Government of Ireland Bill has been noticeable for the effective speeches made by Mr. H. H. Fowler, Mr. E. D. Gray, Mr. T. Sexton, and Sir W. Harcourt in favour of the principle of the measure, interest centred mainly in the clear and masterly address in which Mr. Chamberlain (speaking to a crowded House from the corner seat below the gangway, formerly occupied by Mr. Bright) on Tuesday summed up his objections to the Ministerial proposals. He dismissed the concessions of the Premier as inadequate, offered the plan of the Canadian Federation as a preferable scheme, and announced his determination to vote against the second reading. In a racily humorous and good-humoured reply, Mr. Sexton tolled the knell of Mr. Chamberlain's alleged political fall and decadence. But even the ablest Sexton's advocacy of a measure hardly insures long life for it. It should be mentioned here that Mr. Bright wrote a letter against the bill, which missive obviously influenced the meeting of Liberals who resolved to support Mr. Chamberlain on Monday. It may be doubted, however, whether Mr. Bright intended this and another published letter to imperil the existence of the Ministry, strongly though he opposes the creation of a Dublin Assembly. The Marquis of Hartington, meanwhile, supported by a solid phalanx, resolutely clings to his motion for the relegation of the Ministerial bill to the limbo of lost measures. As it is, unless the "old Parliamentary hand" has a trump card to play at the eleventh hour, the game will be lost by the Government.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Notwithstanding the heavy expenditure on our Governmental arrangements, we have wonderfully few of those gratuitous spectacular displays of military splendour that are always popular, and that history tells us were demanded by the citizens of Old Rome as a part of the price of their peacefulness. The crowds that flock where there is anything of the sort to be seen in London are an indication of how fond Londoners—especially the ladies—are of such sight-seeing. The Birthday Parade is an illustration in point. It is unquestionably a fine military display, and thousands of persons were present this year, though only the privileged holders of tickets to admit within the line of sentries can have much chance of seeing anything of the show.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters drove down in an open carriage, and went to one of the windows of the Horse Guards. The Princess wore, as usual, a perfectly fitting and very becoming gown; it was of steel-grey-striped velvet, and was finished with a white linen collar. The bonnet matched the gown; and her Royal Highness's gloves were tan suede. The young Princesses had brown frocks and brown hats trimmed with red; they looked respectably dressed, but no more—also as usual. Their favourite young cousin, the amiable-looking Princess Victoria Mary, stood between the two younger Princesses of Wales at the windows, and they were very merry together, to all appearance. As soon as the Royal ladies were seated, the brilliant head-quarters staff rode on the ground, where the Household troops were already standing in line. The Duke of Cambridge and the Prince of Wales in bearskins and scarlet coats, and a company of some forty other officers, including Generals Lord Wolseley and Redvers Buller, passed slowly down the front of the line and up the rear. Then the combined bands of the Coldstreams, Grenadiers, and Scots Guards, preceded by their respective drum-majors gorgeous beyond description in long, full-skirted, gold-embroidered coats, marched very slowly across the ground, a volume of delicious sound—a march of Gounod's—pealing across the square. The band march over, the silken banner was taken by the junior Lieutenant, and saluted in form as it was carried, with the escort of a troop, all along the line. Then the cavalry first, and the infantry after, marched past, first in slow time and afterwards in quick time, concluding with an advance of the whole line.

The first night of the English Opera, under the management of Mr. Carl Rosa, was witnessed by a large and fashionable audience. Most of the ladies present wore black; and the revival of the taste for jet was very noticeable, nearly all the black gowns being either profusely trimmed with jet, or actually made of beaded lace or net. A conspicuous dress had a cuirass body and shoulder straps of gold brocaded on white, the rest of the bodice being coffee lace, and the skirt chiefly lace with brocade panel. Royalty did not patronise the event. It is to be hoped that some members of the Royal family will have done so before these lines reach my readers, for her Majesty has taken the Royal box for the entire season of the Italian opera, and it will seem scarcely fair that the English effort should be left unnoticed by the Royal family. The Queen has a strong personal liking for Madame Albani, to which is probably owing the patronage given to the Italian opera by her Majesty.

The Society for Promoting the Employment of Women seems to proceed placidly on a quiet, conservative course. Its report for last year, just issued, shows that during the year no fewer than 3694 visits from women needing employment were received at the office. This army of women were all seeking some work of the sort which is spoken of as "superior to that of ordinary domestic servants," though it is probable that many good servants are, in fact, intellectually and morally superior to the "genteel" impecunious persons who look down on domestics. However, the result of all those visits from poor women in want of work was not very magnificent. Only sixty-nine obtained permanent employment, and 565 received temporary engagements, while eighty-one began to learn some business, through the agency of the society. This makes 715, all told. Nearly 3000 applicants, therefore, received no help. I am afraid this sounds like a vast amount of talk to very little solid benefit; though we must not fail to recognise that the class of persons who seek in very large numbers the aid of the society—the untrained, half-educated, middle-aged woman, brought up in the busy idleness of ordinary middle-class homes—is the most *unhelpable* creature possible.

The fact is that the employment of women in new occupations, and the increasing tendency amongst parents to give their portionless girls some business, depend on deep social causes which the work of a society can neither aid nor retard. The new occupations mentioned by the society as receiving its patronage are as few as the situations found for individual women are mere drops in the stream of work for the female sex. The last Census returns show, in a very striking manner, how women are working in increased numbers, and in new directions. At the Census of 1871, there were no women returned as either shorthand writers, sculptors, or medical students. In 1881 there were fifteen phonographists, sixteen sculptresses, and no fewer than sixty-four lady medical students. "Authors, editors, and journalists" of our sex increased in the decade from 255 to 452. There were in 1881 the large number of 123,995 "teachers, professors, and lecturers," as against 94,239 in 1871. This increase is no doubt mainly in the elementary school teachers, a branch of employment in which I can state (speaking with knowledge) that there is still a deficiency of thoroughly trained women workers. The number employed as female clerks, and as shopwomen, both increased in the ten years between the two Censuses in a most remarkable manner. The former rose from 1775 to 6077; the latter from 8333 to 25,772. There were 2368 actresses in 1881, as against 1623 at the earlier date; and 1309 women photographers as against 694. Finally, the number of nuns rose from 2484 to 3795 in the decade.

On Thursday week a meeting was held at Mrs. Theodore Fry's house, under the presidency of Lady F. Milbanke, to form a central association for promoting the establishment of Women's Liberal Committees to counteract the efforts of the Primrose Leagues. The next day a meeting was held in Kensington to form a Women's Liberal Association for that district. I record these efforts, as in duty bound, but I have not the least sympathy with their purpose. The party system may be inevitable, but it is a source of the gravest mischief. Addison and Wilberforce are both to be counted as earnest in protest against the spirit of party. The salt of our politics is that vast body of public opinion which judges politicians by their actions, not by their party labels. The ignorant classes are incapable of this just and independent judgment, but educated women are not. My great hope from women's suffrage is that a large proportion of the women enfranchised will not only be able, but from their strict conscientiousness will be determined, to reinforce that true public opinion which will not wear party bonds; and I shudder to see women entangling themselves in the mischievous demoralising ties of party organisation actually before they are admitted to be free citizens. F. F.-M.



"THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS."

PICTURE BY ALICE HAVERS, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Lord Haddo. Lord Aberdeen. Lady Aberdeen. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar.

LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN'S IRISH COSTUME GARDEN PARTY, AT THE VICEREGAL LODGE, PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

A Portrait of the Primate of the Church of England forms our Extra Supplement. The Most Rev. Edward White Benson, D.D., was born in 1829, at Birmingham; was educated at King Edward's School in that town, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degrees of B.A. in 1852, and M.A. in 1855, and was Scholar and Fellow of his College, and won high honours, being First Class in the Classical and Senior Optime in the Mathematical Tripos, and Senior Chancellor's Medallist. He took holy orders, with the degrees of B.D. in 1862 and D.D. in 1867; was Assistant Master in Rugby School, Head Master of Wellington College from 1858 to 1872, Prebendary and afterwards Canon of Lincoln Cathedral, also Chancellor of that diocese; Select Preacher to Cambridge University from 1864 to 1871, and to Oxford University in 1875 and 1876; he was some years Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln. When the bishopric of Truro was founded, Dr. Benson was appointed, and was consecrated Bishop in April, 1877. On the death of Archbishop Tait he was appointed to the Metropolitan See of Canterbury. He is author of several volumes of published sermons, and contributed to the "Speaker's Commentary on the Bible," and has produced other theological writings. He married, in 1859, Mary, daughter of the late Rev. W. Sidgwick, of Skipton, Yorkshire.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

AN IRISH COSTUME GARDEN PARTY.

The Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Countess of Aberdeen, on Saturday, the 22nd ult., gave an entertainment very agreeable to Dublin society, in the beautiful gardens of the Viceregal Lodge, in the Phœnix Park. It was a garden party, at which all the ladies and children were invited to appear, at their pleasure, in fancy costumes of any device, but wholly of Irish materials; while the gentlemen were required to wear suits of Irish tweed or serge, Irish-made hats, gloves, and poplin ties of St. Patrick's blue. The intention was, of course, to encourage Irish manufactures; and a special treatise, written for the occasion, "How to Dress in Irish Materials," published at the *Freeman's Journal* office, describes the woollen, silk, poplin, linen, and hosiery wares, the products of Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Blarney, Limerick, Athlone, Balbriggan, Navan, and other places; those of the Donegal cottage industry, and the workmanship of Irish hatters, glovers, and shoemakers, which seem to be sufficient for all reasonable wants. This pamphlet contains also some illustrations of designs for Irish fancy costumes, with directions for their making out of Irish textile fabrics; but the numerous company at Lady Aberdeen's pleasant and picturesque garden party had evidently put themselves to the trouble of inventing and contriving; and there was no lack of originality and variety in the collective display, which had not only its romantic and fantastic, but also its humourous and popular characteristics, being a medley of diverse types and classes, and different periods of history. Lady Aberdeen herself was attired as an Irish lady of rank in the fifteenth century, in a robe and mantle of the richest ivory-coloured Empress poplin, beautifully embroidered by hand, in gold, with interleaf decorations; she wore gold ear-rings, bracelets, neck and girdle-chains, brooches, tiara-clasp, and other ornaments, of ancient Irish pattern; and she carried a bouquet of roses, thistles, and shamrocks. The Lord Lieutenant wore a suit of silver-grey poplin cloth, with a white hat. Her Ladyship's pages, two boys, Lord Haddo and Master Hamilton, were in a costume of Irish precedent, jerkins of gold-brocaded poplin, the breeches and shoulders puffed out with blue, and shoulder-capes of blue poplin, with gold girdles, Irish lace collars and cuffs. But, of the general company, not many attempted to make a show of sumptuous splendour; there was, however, a fair gathering of the rank and fashion of Dublin, and the entertainment, favoured by the finest possible weather, was entirely successful. The children had sports and games and treats provided for them. An exhibition of Irish manufactures, established in the racquet-court, attracted much attention among visitors to this Viceregal Garden Party.

Major-General G. T. Chesney, R.E., C.S.I., has been appointed member of the Council of the Governor-General of India.

Canon Liddon was on Tuesday elected Bishop of the diocese of Edinburgh in connection with the Scottish Episcopal Church.

The Most Rev. Robert Knox, Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore, was enthroned in the Cathedral of Armagh on Tuesday morning, in succession to the late Archbishop Beresford.

Lord Salisbury was presented with the honorary freedom of the Grocers' Company last Saturday, and was afterwards entertained at dinner, the occasion being the anniversary of the Restoration of Charles II., in bringing about which the Grocers took an important part.

The state apartments of Windsor Castle have been re-opened, and will remain accessible to the public between eleven and four o'clock every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday during the absence of the Court. The Albert Chapel and the Round Tower will be open for inspection on the same days.

Sir Bernhard Samuelson, Bart., M.P., and Mr. Philip Magnus, of the City and Guilds of London Institute, have been appointed by the Education Department English representatives at the International Congress on Technical Education, to be held at Bordeaux, in September next

Last week the annual meeting of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, the object of which is to provide allowances or pensions for huntsmen or whippers-in, or their widows and children, was held at Tattersall's, the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Cork presiding. The report showed that there were now 435 benefit members, and £388 had been distributed in sickness pay, £100 in annuities, and £150 for insurance.

The Archbishop of Canterbury on Thursday week presided at the annual festival of the Hospital for Sick Children, and earnestly advocated the claims of the institution. The number of in-patients last year was 1144, and the out-patients were 14,281. Among those who took part in the proceedings were Viscount Gort, Mr. Arthur Lucas, the Rev. T. Teignmouth-Shore, Dr. W. B. Cheadle, Mr. Claude Montefiore, and Mr. John Murray, jun. Subscriptions amounting to near £1500 were announced.

In London 2431 births and 1229 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 197 and the deaths 343 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 28 from measles, 7 from scarlet fever, 20 from diphtheria, 41 from whooping-cough, 7 from enteric fever, 1 from an undefined form of continued fever, and 12 from diarrhœa and dysentery. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, further declined last week to 225, and were 70 below the corrected average. Different forms of violence caused 57 deaths.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, June 1.

The question of the expulsion of the Princes still absorbs all attention in the world of politics, and is likely to remain on the carpet for some time to come. Wherein lies the danger of the residence of the Comte de Paris, or of the Bonapartes, in France, nobody has yet clearly explained. The only thing established is that the question serves as a stalking-horse, behind which M. Jules Ferry and M. Clémenceau carry on their intrigues and manœuvres against M. De Freycinet. And how complicated these intrigues are even few Frenchmen can conceive. That the Princes will be exiled, there can be little doubt; the Parliamentary Commission elected to consider the bill of exile comprises six members who advocate immediate and indiscriminate expulsion, and five who, for various reasons, are opposed to that measure; but the distinctly Radical nature of the majority indicates that the Chamber which chose them will not accept any compromise on the question of principle, and there is every reason to believe that the Republican majority in favour of expulsion will be far more considerable than was anticipated before the bill was brought in. All that remains now is to arrange the matter in such a manner that the Senate will accept the bill as voted by the Chamber, and at the same time to avoid a dislocation of the Cabinet. This was the object of the discussion in the Cabinet Council held this afternoon.

In consideration of the exile which threatens the Orléans Princes, some of the aristocrats have countermanded the fêtes with which they were preparing to wind up the season. We may, therefore, expect that "society" will sulk awhile if the Princes are expelled. But, after all, in a Republic it does not much matter whether "society" sulks or not, and, to tell the truth, neither the Orléans nor the Bonapartist Princes have ever done much to contribute to the gaiety of Paris. Nowadays, pleasure is becoming more and more democratic, and the vaster the congregation of people the more satisfactory the fête. The race-courses at Auteuil and Longchamps used to be aristocratic and select meeting-places, whereas now they are the rendezvous of the plebeian crowd. On Sunday there were 25,000 one-franc entries at Auteuil, and, in all, the gate-money amounted to nearly £6000. Certainly the races are the great popular fêtes of the day.

The arrival of the warm weather is causing the theatres to close their doors; soon, none but the State theatres will remain open, and "all Paris" will have migrated to the sea-side and the mountains. The Paris season will be at an end. The only attractions that remain, apart from the fêtes of Industry and Commerce, are the dog show on the Cours de la Reine, and the Salon, which has reopened after a brief closing for the distribution of medals. M. Jules Lefebvre has received the medal of honour in the section of painting. This year very few foreigners have received rewards, for the fact is that the French are beginning to fear the invasion of foreigners. The only English artist whose name I notice in the list of honourable mentions is Miss Bernardine Hall, of Liverpool, who exhibits two excellent works—"Fantine" and "Bébé."

The death is announced of the landscape-painter Karl Daubigny, son of the great Daubigny; and of Edouard Frère, whose pretty pictures of children and school-room scenes were not unknown in England. Edouard Frère was born in 1836.

Quantin and Co. have just issued an edition de luxe of "Germinia Lacerteux," by Edmond and Jules De Goncourt, with illustrations by Jeanniot, beautifully etched by L. Muller. It is a volume for bibliophiles and lovers of fine typography.

T. C.

In Monday's sitting of the Spanish Senate the Address in reply to the Royal Speech at the opening of the Cortes was agreed to by 133 votes against 57.

The eruption of Mount Etna continues.

On Sunday evening the Emperor William gave a state banquet in honour of the Grand Duke and Duchess Vladimir of Russia, who were staying at Berlin on their way home from Paris; and on Tuesday he held a military inspection at Potsdam, subsequently visiting Babelsberg Castle.—At the British Embassy on Thursday week the chief members of the English colony at Berlin assembled, on the invitation of Lady Ermyntrude Malet, to meet the Crown Princess, and discuss a plan which her Imperial Highness has long cherished, and is now anxious to see at last realised—a plan for founding a home for British governesses in Berlin on the model somewhat of the institutions of a similar kind at Paris and Brussels.—The Prussian Lower Chamber yesterday week passed the bill for contributing 50,000,000 marks towards the construction of the North Sea and Baltic Canal, and also the bill for funding the floating debt of Prussia, amounting to 30,000,000 marks.

The Upper House of the Austrian Reichsrath has passed the second and third readings of the Landsturm Bill without modification.—A great popular fête, initiated by Madame Pauline Lucca, took place at Vienna last Saturday, the object being to raise funds for some charitable institutions.

The Czar and Czarina arrived at Gatschina on Sunday.—A decree has been promulgated by the Russian Government ordering the issue of a Perpetual Five per Cent State Railway Rente to the amount of 100,000,000 roubles.

President Cleveland took part on Monday in the ceremonial at New York connected with Decoration Day, when the graves of the soldiers of the Civil War are annually visited. An imposing procession passed through the city to the tomb of General Grant, where an oration was delivered. The President's marriage with Miss Frances Folsom was solemnised quietly at the White House, Washington, on Wednesday evening, by Dr. Sunderland, of the Presbyterian Church; the guests being limited to near relatives and the Cabinet Ministers and their wives. Miss Folsom is twenty-two years of age. She was the ward of the President, and is the daughter of his friend and partner when he practised as a lawyer.—The trial of Johann Most and two other Anarchists on the charge of endeavouring to incite to riot was concluded on Friday, last week. All three prisoners were found guilty. Sentence was deferred.—The American Government has decided not to enforce any penalty on the fishing-schooner Sisters, seized for violating the Customs regulations, and she has left for Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. A vessel was seized at Prince Edward's Island on Monday, but released by order of the Canadian Government.

In opening the South Australian Parliament on Thursday week, Governor Sir W. Robinson said a bill would be submitted empowering the colony to join the Australian Federation.—Sir H. Loch, the Governor of Victoria, opened the Session of Parliament of that colony on Tuesday.—An important discovery of gold has been made in the Kimberly district of Western Australia.

Sir Julius Vogel, in submitting his Budget to the New Zealand House of Representatives, announced his intention of issuing a new loan of a million and a half sterling, to be devoted exclusively to railway construction.

OPENING NEW PUTNEY BRIDGE.

A description and Illustration of this bridge, erected by the Metropolitan Board of Works, appeared in our last. The Prince and Princess of Wales, who had laid its memorial-stone, opened the bridge to public traffic on Saturday afternoon. The streets of Chelsea, Fulham, and Putney were decorated with festive tokens of welcome to their Royal Highnesses, and thousands of people gathered in readiness to greet them. They came, between four and five o'clock, in an open four-horse carriage, with outriders; the young Princesses Louise and Victoria of Wales were with their Royal parents. At the north or Middlesex end of the bridge there was a guard of honour of the 2nd (South Middlesex) Volunteers; and triumphal arches, with flags on masts, were erected at each end, as well as in High-street, Fulham, and at Walham-green. The Prince and Princess drove across the bridge to the Surrey side, where a handsome pavilion had been erected, with seats for a company of about one thousand, and with a dais surrounded by flowers and tropical plants. Here their Royal Highnesses were received by the chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, Sir James M'Garel Hogg, and the officers and members of that board. A bouquet was presented by Miss Hogg to the Princess of Wales. The chairman read an address to their Royal Highnesses, reminding them of their former visit in July, 1884, and informing them of the completion of the work then in progress. The Prince of Wales replied, commending the new bridge as a structure of considerable utility and architectural embellishment. The deputy chairman, Mr. F. H. Fowler, the chairman of the Bridge Committee, Mr. W. Shepherd, the chief engineer, Sir Joseph Bazalgette, with Mr. F. Bazalgette, assistant engineer, and Mr. Waddell, the contractor, were successively introduced to his Royal Highness. The Prince then declared the opening of the bridge; and their Royal Highnesses, taking leave of the Metropolitan Board of Works, re-entered their carriage, attended by a guard of honour of the 3rd Surrey Volunteers, with the band playing the National Anthem. They drove through Putney and Wandsworth, crossed the Chelsea Suspension Bridge, and returned to Marlborough House, much cheered by crowds of people all the way.

OBITUARY.

THE HON. CHARLES D. PLUNKETT.

Major-General the Hon. Charles Dawson Plunkett, late Lieutenant-Colonel 1st Foot, Knight of the Legion of Honour and the Medjidieh, died at Montebello, Killiney, in the county of Dublin, on the 19th ult. He was born in 1813, the third son of Thomas Oliver, eleventh Lord Louth, by Margaret, his wife, daughter of the thirteenth Lord Dunsany. He entered the Army in 1833, and attained the rank of Major-General in 1868. His services included Canada, during the rebellion of 1837 and 1838; and the Crimean campaign (Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol). He commanded the 1st Foot for several years, and in 1868 received the good-service pension. He married, Aug. 22, 1874, Harriet Amelia, widow of Mr. Joseph Kirkwood, and daughter of Mr. Biddulph Warner, of Marvelston, in the county of Meath.

THE HON. F. G. MOLYNEUX.

The Hon. Francis George Molyneux, M.A., of Earl's Court, Tunbridge Wells, J.P., died on the 24th ult., aged eighty-one. He was the fourth son of William Philip, second Earl of Sefton, by Maria, his wife, daughter of William, sixth Lord Craven. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and, after passing some years in the Foreign Office, became Secretary of Legation to the Germanic Confederation, 1835 to 1849. He married, 1842, Lady Georgiana Jemima, daughter of the third Earl of Ashburnham (whose previous marriage with Mr. H. R. Mitford had been dissolved), and leaves an only daughter, Constance.

MR. JAMES HARTLEY.

Mr. James Hartley, of Ashbrook Hall, in the county of Durham, J.P. and D.L., M.P. for Sunderland from 1865 to 1868, died on the 24th ult., in his seventy-sixth year. He was eldest son of Mr. John Hartley, of Hunslet, in the county of York, and afterwards of Harborne, Staffordshire; sat in Parliament in the Conservative interest; was the principal proprietor of the glass-making works at Sunderland, and a director of the North-Eastern Railway Company. He married, in 1837, Annie, only daughter of Mr. T. Blenkinsop, of Heworth, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Surgeon-General Charles Lindsay Cox, retired list, H.M. Bengal Army, on the 23rd ult., at Clifton.

Mr. Thomas Charles Renshaw, Q.C., of Sandrocks, Hayward's Heath, Sussex, a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, on the 26th ult., in his seventy-seventh year.

Colonel James Robert Blackwell Monypenny, of Pitmilly, Fife, Colonel 4th Battalion Buffs, on the 22nd ult., at Shorncliffe Camp. He was of the old Scottish family of Monypenny.

Mr. Christopher Temple, late Judge of the Supreme Court, Ceylon, on the 23rd ult., at 11, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, aged seventy-six.

Mr. Robert Hartley Bower, of Welham, in the county of York, J.P. and D.L., on the 25th ult., at his seat near Malton, aged fifty-three. He married, in 1859, Marcia, daughter of Sir John Lister-Kaye, Bart., and leaves issue.

The Hon. Mrs. Whately (Nora Creina Blanche), wife of Mr. Henry Arthur Whately, and sixth daughter of Lord Aberdare. She was born July 10, 1859; married Jan. 4, 1883; and died on the 26th ult.

Major-General James Mitchel Macdonald, late of the Ceylon Rifle Regiment, on the 22nd ult. He entered the Army 1830, and commanded a detachment of the 37th Regiment during the rebellion in the Kandian provinces.

Mr. Thomas Salwey Beale, of Heath House, Shropshire, formerly of the 68th Light Infantry, on the 22nd ult., aged sixty-nine. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas Beale, of Heath House, and of Constance Isabella, his wife, daughter of Mr. Richard Salwey, of Moor Park.

Messrs Waterers' Exhibition of Rhododendrons at the Gardens of Cadogan-place, opens to-day (Saturday).

Mr. Nicholson has been appointed Curator of Kew Gardens, in the room of Mr. Smith, resigned. Mr. Nicholson has been one of the chief assistants at the gardens for some years.

The fifth annual fancy dress and costume ball of the London Artistic Society was held on Friday last week, at Willis's Rooms, affording much enjoyment to the members.

Orders have been given for the rifle ranges at Wormwood Scrubbs to be reopened, on the understanding that an adjutant is to be present when firing is going on. These important ranges have been closed for nearly three years.

Arrangements have been made to hold a series of conferences at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, and a number of meetings have been announced for dates previous to Whitsuntide. On Monday Mr. P. L. Simmons read a paper on "Our Colonial Wool Supplies." The lecture was illustrated by samples of the various kinds of wool obtained from our principal colonies, and the lecturer gave many interesting details of the various properties possessed by each.

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NOTICE.—The AMERICAN PLANTS at KNAP HILL are now in Bloom, and may be seen DAILY (Sundays excepted).
The Rhododendrons in Rotten Row, Hyde Park, are supplied by
ANTHONY WATERER,
Knap Hill Nursery, Woking Station, Surrey.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.
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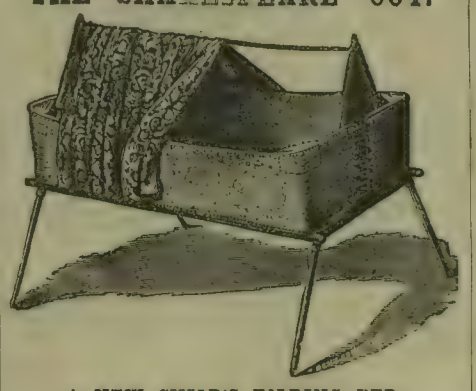
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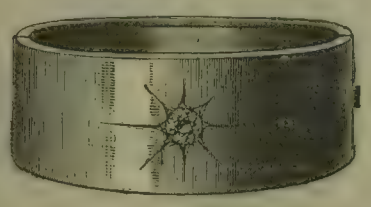
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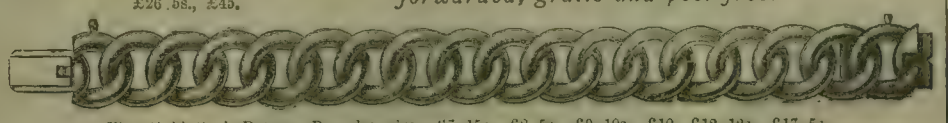


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AT HOME MY HOUSEHOLD GOD, ABROAD MY VADE MECUM.

THE STOMACH AND ITS TRIALS.



A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot, on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—"Blessings on your FRUIT SALT! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance, I swear by it. There stands the cherished bottle on the chimneypiece of my sanctum, my little idol at home, my household god, abroad my vade mecum. Think not this is the rhapsody of a hypochondriac; no, it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I dare say, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a troublesome liver; no sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than, exit pain, 'Richard is himself again.' So highly do I value your composition that when taking it I grudge even the little sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass; I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

When ENO'S SALT betimes you take,
No waste of this Elixir make,
But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
Of this, the perfect Pick-me-up."

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.—The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people—unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely—to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandy, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S FRUIT SALT is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by all who use ENO'S FRUIT SALT; therefore no family should be without it.

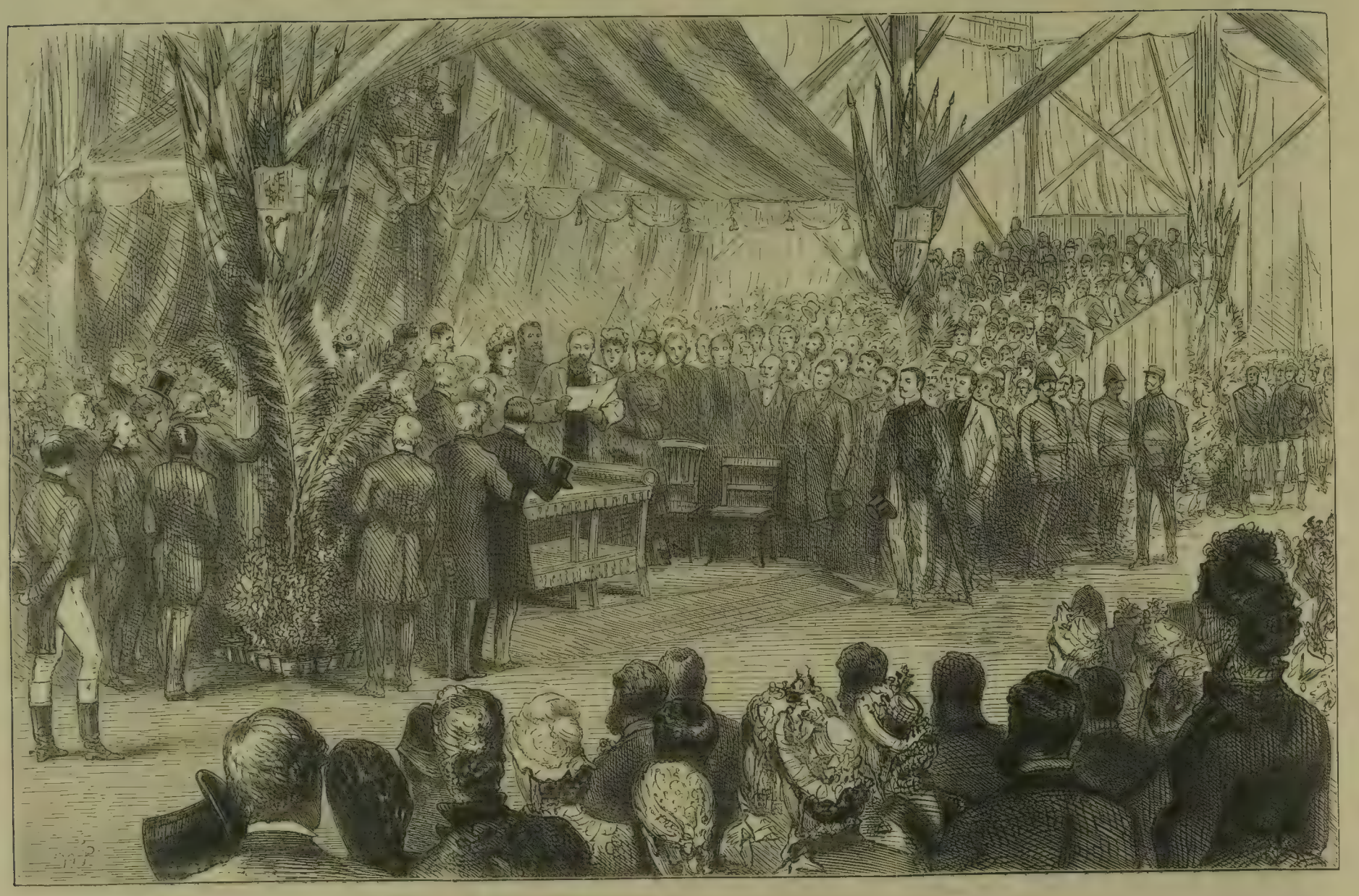
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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Legal Rights are protected in every civilised country. Read the following:—"In the Supreme Court of Sydney (N.S.W.) an appeal from a decree of Sir W. Manning perpetually restraining the defendant (Hogg) from selling a fraudulent imitation of Eno's Fruit Salt, and giving heavy damages to the plaintiff, has, after a most exhaustive trial of two days' duration, been unanimously dismissed with costs."—Sydney Morning Herald, Nov. 26.

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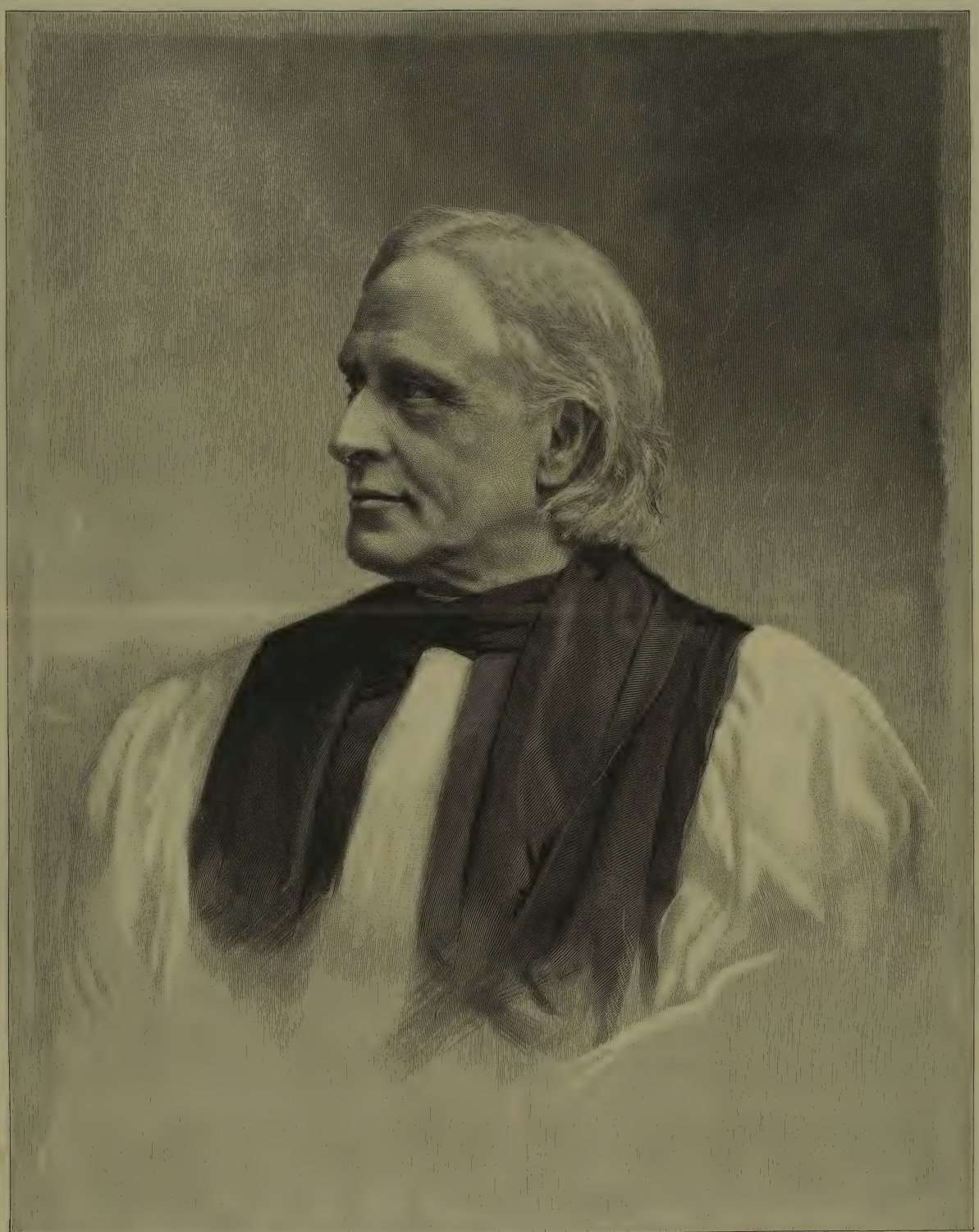
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OPENING OF PUTNEY NEW BRIDGE BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.



THE CARTEL.—BY H. CAFFIERI.



MEN OF THE DAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. ELLIOTT AND FRY.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

"A SPRING FESTIVAL."

This group of life-sized marble sculpture, by Mr. T. Nelson MacLean, which we noticed a twelvemonth ago, is in the Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. The subject was suggested by Mr. Alma Tadema's well-known picture of the "Spring Festival," two youthful rustics in the full movement of a religious or national dance. The success with which the thorough abandon of the dancers has been seized is scarcely less remarkable than the artistic skill with which the group is composed, the symmetry of the lines sustained, and the sense of rhythmic movement conveyed. These features are reproduced in the smaller bronze copy, on sale at the gallery of Messrs. Bellman Ivey, 37, Piccadilly. The figures are, in a certain sense, realistic, being those of peasants rude in healthy and robust vigour, heartily enjoying the physical excitement of their energetic motion; true Bacchanals of primitive antiquity, lightly attired in the skins of wild beasts, and adorned simply with wreaths of wild flowers entwined in their flowing hair. There is no conventional elegance about them, only the natural grace of the female form; but the freedom of licensed frolic, exalted by the spirit of pantheistic enthusiasm, which characterised the original rites of ancient Paganism in Greece and Italy, has seldom been more happily expressed in modern works of art. Mr. MacLean's other works, "Comedy" and "Tragedy," "Meditation," "Ione," and "Sappho's Last Appeal," are equally successful in rendering subjects of a higher and more intellectual type with adequate refinement of conception and classic dignity, proving his thorough sympathy with the poetry that is most congenial to imaginative sculpture.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen returned to Dublin yesterday week.

The annual court of the governors of that excellent charity the Consumption Hospital, Brompton, was held on Thursday week, in the board-room of the hospital, Lord Derby, the president of the corporation, in the chair. The annual report showed that the hospital had during 1885 benefited a larger number of both in and out patients than in any former year. Thanks to the liberality of the public, it had been possible to keep the 321 beds in the two buildings continually in use. No fewer than 13,895 new out patient cases had received advice and medicines, whilst the attendances reached the unprecedented total of 75,399. The amount of annual subscriptions had further increased, and the donations had been well maintained. The sole income on which the hospital can absolutely rely was only about one-tenth of the necessary annual expenditure. For the large balance the hospital still depends on the contributions and legacies of the benevolent.



A SPRING FESTIVAL: GROUP OF SCULPTURE BY T. NELSON MACLEAN, IN THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

BERLIN ART EXHIBITION.

On Sunday, the 23rd ult., the International Fine-Arts Exhibition, organised to commemorate the foundation of the Berlin Academy of Art by Frederick the Great a hundred years ago, was ceremoniously opened by the Emperor William I., in presence of his family, the great officers of state, the chief members of the diplomatic corps, and all the notabilities of Berlin society. We give a View of the Exhibition building, which is the same that was erected for the Berlin Sanitary Exhibition of 1883, but with enlargements and alterations. Many pictures by well-known English artists have been sent to this Exhibition. In one corner of the Exhibition grounds stands an Egyptian temple, containing a series of dioramic illustrations of the progress of discovery in Africa, with particular reference to the colonial aspirations of Germany. One of these huge dioramas, which have been executed with the utmost attention to local colouring and detail by a Berlin artist, shows Mr. Stanley dropping his boats over the rocks at one of the chief of the Congo rapids; another commemorates the death of Dr. Nachtigal on board the Imperial gun-boat Möve, and the burial of his body at Cape Palmas. A third represents a hunting scene on the Kassai, an affluent of the Congo, in which Lieutenants Wissmann and François are the main figures; a fourth depicts the conclusion of blood-brotherhood between the agents of the German East African Company and a prominent chief in the mountainous region of Kilima-Njaro; and a fifth exhibits the Imperial squadron of ironclads making a demonstration off Zanzibar last autumn. In another corner of the Exhibition park stands an exact facsimile of the Temple of Jupiter at Olympia, which is reached by a flight of steps. It contains a panoramic view of Pergamos, as it is judged by archæologists to have looked when at the height of its architectural glory. The artists, Herren Koch and Gyps, who have executed this truly magnificent work of art, spent six months at Pergamos, studying the topography and antiquities of the place. The labour and expense which have been lavished on this Temple of Zeus and its contents may be taken as a measure of the scale on which the commemorative Exhibition has been organised. In front of the Olympian Temple stands a tall obelisk, looking like a Cleopatra's Needle, inscribed with words of ardent devotion to "Kaiser Wilhelm, the Victorious"; while prominent among other similar ornaments is a colossal equestrian statue of Washington by Siemerling, destined for the city of Philadelphia. Conspicuous among the various places of refreshment in the grounds is a Künstler-kneipe, or artists' beer-house, which is an exact copy of a quaint hostelry on the Italian island of Capri, much frequented by German and English artists.



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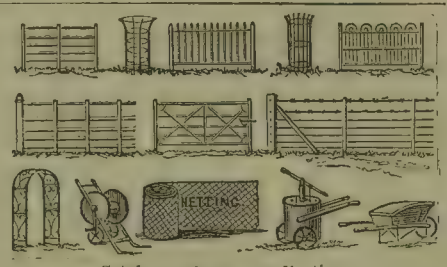
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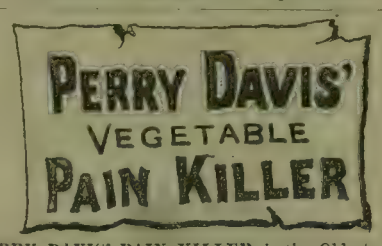
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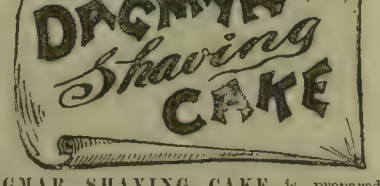
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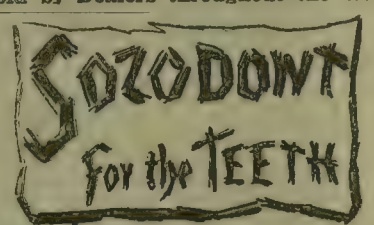
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The vendors recognise that there is practically no limit to the trade, and have agreed to take a large interest as shareholders in the new Company.

The co-operation and services of Mr. C. B. Harness as a director, and Mr. Max Friend as manager have kindly been offered to the Company, who have had special and successful experience in the development and sale of proprietary articles, both in this country and abroad. Mr. Harness has had exceptional opportunities of acquiring information as to the best methods of economically working the Ammoniaphone. He will become interested largely as a shareholder, and will receive no remuneration in any year in which the profits do not amount to 20 per cent. Mr. Max Friend has had many years' experience in Europe and America, and knowing the large field for development has agreed to give his undivided attention to the Company's business, and to accept payment for his services only *pro rata* with the profits earned by the Company.

Dr. Carter Moffat, the inventor of the Ammoniaphone, has agreed to deliver a course of lectures in America and elsewhere, as required by the Company, similar to those delivered before crowded audiences in St. James's Hall, and other places in England, for a period of twelve months. Dr. Moffat has every confidence in the success of the enterprise, and for these services will accept 200 fully paid-up shares, without any payment in cash whatever beyond his out-of-pocket expenses.

No expenses attending the formation, incorporation, and promotion of the Company will be paid by the Company except 1½ per cent on the nominal capital.

Where no allotment is made, the amount paid on application will be returned in full.

It is intended to apply to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for a settlement and official quotation as soon as practicable after allotment.

A contract dated May 27, 1886, between the Medical Battery Company, Limited, of the one part, and Henry Charles Risborough Sharman, as trustee on behalf of the Company, of the other part, has been entered into, by which the purchase price, including all promotion money (except the 1½ per cent on the nominal capital above referred to), is fixed at £47,500, payable £22,500 in cash, and £25,000 in fully paid-up shares. Intending Subscribers must waive the specification of the dates and names of parties to the other contracts.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and of the above-mentioned Contract, can be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitor to the Company or at the registered Offices of the Company.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from the Bankers, Solicitor, Auditors, or Broker.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To be forwarded to the London and County Bank, New Oxford-street, London, W.

To the Directors of the Ammoniaphone Company, Limited.

Gentlemen,—Having paid to your Bankers, for the use of this Company, the sum of £ being 10s. per share on this my application, for shares of £5 each, in this Company, I hereby request that number may be allotted to me, and I agree to accept such shares or any less number that may be allotted to me, upon the terms of the prospectus; and I hereby authorise you to enter my name on the register of members of the Company for the shares allotted to me.

Name in full.....
Residence.....
Profession.....
Date.....

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SECOND THOUGHTS.

Mrs. ALEXANDER.
LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.
HER DEAREST FOE.
THE ADMIRAL'S WARD.
THE EXECUTOR.
THE FRERES.
THE WOOING O'T.
WHICH SHALL IT BE?

Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.
A BALL-ROOM REPENTANCE.
LEAH: A WOMAN OF FASHION.
OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER?
STEVEN LAWRENCE: YEOMAN.

Mrs. RIDDELL.
BERNA BOYLE.
GEORGE GEITH OF FEN COURT.
MYSTERY IN PALACE GARDENS.
SUSAN DRUMMOND.

Mrs. PARR.
ADAM AND EVE.
DOROTHY FOX.

HAWLEY SMART.
BREEZIE LANGTON.

CHARLES READE.
A PERILOUS SECRET.

Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD.
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J. SHERIDAN LE FANU.
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UNCLE SILAS.

MARCUS CLARKE.
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THE INITIALS. | QUITS!

Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED.
POLICY AND PASSION.

HELEN MATHERS.
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.
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NO SURRENDER.
SUCCESS; AND HOW HE WON IT.
UNDER A CHARM.

RICHARD BENTLEY and SON, NEW BURLINGTON-STREET, LONDON, PUBLISHERS IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

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DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

"Miss Argand, dear Miss Argand, who love and pity him so, have a little pity on me!"

THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "THE CANON'S WARD," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

"I HAVE DONE YOU WRONG."

The signing and sealing by which Elizabeth Dart was transferred into a landed proprietor was performed with as little of "the law's delay" as has probably ever entered into such a proceeding; it was a ready-money transaction, and the vendor, as represented by Mr. Snugg, was as desirous for the completion of the contract as the vendee. In twenty minutes the antiquary and his young friend were back at the "Falcon." He parted from her at the door, rightly imagining that she would prefer to receive her relative's congratulations alone. Aunt Jane was waiting for her in the parlour, with pale face and anxious eyes.

"There has been no hitch, my dear," cried Lizzie, cheerfully, in answer to her troubled looks; "the Hill is ours; kiss me, while I am still affable and not yet spoiled by my proud position of being a Lady of the Land."

Aunt Jane threw herself on her neck, and burst into tears. "I congratulate you a thousand times, my darling, and with all my heart. It ought to be the happiest day of my life, I'm sure."

"And what *ought* to be, I beg you will understand for the future *is*," replied Lizzie, with severity. "When people are poor, this present sphere may not seem the best possible of worlds to them; but remember that you and I have henceforth nothing in common with such folk. We are a prosperous couple; and everything that *is*, is right. We cannot imagine what there is to complain of; we acknowledge, with humility, that everything is in accordance with the fitness of things; and you must allow me to add that all display of emotion is out of place in the best circles."

"We are never out of the reach of misfortune, Lizzie, while we have friends who are within its grasp."

"But, for the future, we must not know unfortunate people, Aunt Jane; we must only know carriage people—— What is the matter? Good Heavens! Has anything happened!" cried Lizzie, dropping her bantering tone, and gazing on her companion's face with sudden alarm.

"Mary has been here."

"I see; the contrast between your pleasure and her trouble has vexed your gentle heart. So far from envying our happiness, she will share it. Did you tell her?"

"Oh, no; I left that for your sweet lips, my darling; and besides, she called here about another matter that concerns yourself. She would have waited, but that Matthew is not so well this morning; or, perhaps, she could not bear to see your little spell of sunshine clouded. She brought this paper with her, in which there is bad news."

"Poor Matthew! *The Parthenon!* Some slating of his poems—of those that were not published in its own columns, we may be quite sure. I wish the critics would transfer one half the praise they lavish on me to him.

> They sit at home and turn an easy wheel
> That sets sharp racks at work to pinch and peel.

I do not care to read it."

"But it is not about Matthew; it is about Mr. Argand."

"Great Heavens!" The colour rushed from her face, and she seized the paper with trembling hands, that contrasted strangely indeed with her former indifference. "Where is it? Where is it?" she cried, impatiently.

"It is only a literary note; but Matthew thought it of sufficient importance to send the paper on. It might, he said, be an exaggeration."

"Read it, read it," murmured Lizzie, hoarsely. Her eyes were blinded by fast flowing tears.

"We are sorry to say the reports that have been floating in the air of literary circles, for some time, concerning the retirement of Mr. Argand from the management of the *Millennium* have assumed only too much consistency. This will be a great blow to serial literature. The fact is to be regretted on all accounts, but especially if, as we understand, the misfortune is connected with financial difficulties."

"Is it not bad news? Such a kind good man as he is," interrupted Mrs. Richter. "What is it you want, Lizzie?"

She did not answer; she had already got the book in her hand that she was looking for. It was a Bradshaw, which they had brought down with them. She turned over the pages of the guide with faltering fingers and that eager haste which is "half-sister to Delay." At last she found the place.

"Aunt Jane, I am going back to town at once," she said, decisively. "But that must not cut short your holiday. You can either stop here, or stay with our friends at the Look-out, who will be delighted to see you. It is impossible to say how long I may be away, but I hope not long."

"And do you think I could stay here enjoying myself, while you, as I know by your dear face, are in trouble and misery?" cried the little woman, in a tone of tender remonstrance.

"Why not?" answered the girl, bitterly. "What have I been doing these three days, while my best friend has been drinking the cup of bitterness to the dregs?—full of dreams of pleasure and prosperity, while he has been surrounded with the rising tide of ruin—a niggard, when I might perhaps have helped him—ungrateful and unkind, a worthless creature." Her face was drawn and haggard, her tone vehement and remorseful; she moved to the bell, and rang it violently. "Can I have a fly to go to the station?"

"I am sorry to say, Ma'am," said the maid, "it has gone out."

"No matter, I can walk."

"I can walk, too," pleaded Aunt Jane.

"No, my dear, no," said Lizzie, falling at once into her usual tone of tenderness. "You shall follow, if you really wish it, in the afternoon; you will do me a greater favour by so doing than by accompanying me, welcome as your companionship always is. I must go alone; and, just now, I cannot bear any questioning, even from the lips I love. Say to my dear friends that I have pressing business, literary business, in London. I have not a moment to lose if I would catch the express. Here is my purse—pay everything; and when you come home to-night, you will see your Lizzie, I trust, herself again. I am so sorry, so very sorry, to cut short your little holiday, my darling."

One swift embrace, and she was gone. Aunt Jane watched her from the window, moving quickly down the narrow street, with gaze set straight before her: a traveller with a purpose.

"If I did not know she was a genius, I should say the dear girl was daft," murmured the little widow. "I feel almost daft myself. Think of being left all alone in an hotel, in a private sitting-room, with a purse of gold in my hand! I feel like somebody in a parable."

In the meantime, Elizabeth Dart passed on her way without looking right or left—not a glance even did she cast on Battle Hill as she went by it. The place, though it had become her own, had not only no attraction for her now, but had something repulsive about it. She had spent money on it which might have served a better purpose, and which it would be difficult to realise, even at a loss. It had been the foundation for schemes of pleasure and ambition which she had been weaving for herself, while the man to whom she was indebted for all she had had been writhing in a net of embarrassment. She had not known it, indeed; but she might have guessed it. She did not blame Mr. Argand for having withheld his confidence from her, as he had tacitly reproached *her* for doing. She set it down rightly to his unwillingness to cause her pain; but the fact that she had received the first news of his misfortune from a paragraph in a newspaper filled her with humiliation.

She reached the railway station without the least consciousness of how she had arrived there. She only knew she was in time to catch the train; the journey by rail was accomplished in the same mechanical manner. On reaching town, she took a cab and drove at once to Harewood-square. It was some little comfort to her that the house wore its familiar look. If, as she reproached herself, she had hitherto not been alive sufficiently to the misfortunes that were pressing upon Felix Argand, they now loomed large enough before her mental vision, and she would hardly have been astonished had she found his home untenanted, and bills of sale in its windows. Everything, however, wore the same appearance as usual. It was with a beating heart that Elizabeth Dart waited for the servant's reply to the question whether his master was at home. It was long past the usual hour for his departure to his office, but perhaps his occupation there was already gone, and there was no need for him to leave his roof. Quite a weight seemed taken from her mind when the man replied, "He is not at home, Miss."

"Can I see Miss Argand?" was her next inquiry.

If she had couched the question in the same terms as before, she would doubtless have received the same reply; it was evident by the servant's manner that he had received orders to deny his mistress to all callers; on the other hand, he knew she was a friend of the family.

"I am not quite sure, Miss; she is not very well," he hesitated.

"Please to say that my business is important, and very pressing." After some interval, he returned, and ushered her into the drawing-room. It was a pleasant apartment enough as she remembered it, but in the morning it had an artificial and untimely look. Already the guests who had been wont to enliven it were wanting; where the murmur of pleasant talk had been, and the ripple of laughter, there was silence, and to Miss Dart's forboding spirit it seemed to have already lost its atmosphere of home. The whole house, like one over which the shadow of calamity has fallen, was very still. Presently, a slow and unelastic step was heard upon the stairs, and Miss Argand entered. She was dressed as usual, and there was no outward sign of woe; she had even a smile upon her face as she greeted her visitor, though it flitted away in a second, like a sunray from a mirror, leaving it cold and cheerless.

"You have returned to town earlier than you intended, have you not, Miss Dart?" she inquired, in cold mechanical tones.

"Yes; oh yes: but not so early as I ought to have done. I ought never to have left it."

"Why not?"

"Because, as I fear, you are in trouble."

"Who told you that? Not Felix?" cried Miss Argand, quickly, and darting a penetrating glance at her companion.

"Oh, no; your brother has told me nothing—or only what the world knows."

"You mean about his giving up the *Millennium?* Yes; he has decided upon doing that. It will make, however, one is pleased to know, no difference with your connection with it. I congratulate you upon the great success of 'The Usher'; everyone, they tell me, is talking about it. It was a great surprise to him to find you were the author."

"Has my silence upon the subject forfeited his friendship, Miss Argand?" cried Lizzie, suddenly. "What have I done? Great Heavens! what *have* I done, to be so treated? When I was unknown and poor, he was my best and kindest friend; but now"——

"Well, that is it," interrupted Miss Argand. "Your positions are reversed, you see. You are prosperous, and will be rich; while he, my brother, Felix, is penniless and ruined."

Her first words were uttered with studious coldness; her last in a tone trembling with emotion; when she had done, her face fell forward on her hand, and she sobbed like a child.

Elizabeth Dart rose from her chair and fell upon her knees beside her.

"Miss Argand, dear Miss Argand, who love and pity him so, have a little pity on me. You say, when he was prosperous and I was poor, that he was my friend; but that now our positions are reversed. I take you at your word: let me be his friend now! There is nothing, nothing in the world that I would not do for him. All I have is his, and I am here to offer it; only tell me what I can do!"

The vehemence and passion of her tone were intense, yet her voice was distinct and clear—the voice of a woman who, though she may have lost her heart, still keeps her head. Miss Argand looked at her with streaming eyes; but with an expression not so much of sorrow as of surprise and remorse.

"I have done you wrong, Miss Dart," she murmured.

"No matter what you have done; no matter about me, at all. Only tell me how I can help him? How much does he owe? When has he got to pay it? Will £500 be of any service to him?"

Miss Argand shook her head, and smiled sadly but very tenderly.

"You good, dear girl; but it is of no use."

"I can get more; I am sure I can get more; only let me know exactly how he stands and how much he owes."

"He owes nothing. The company in which he had put his all has been wound up. The last call has been made, and he has paid it with his last shilling. This house is sold as it stands, and there is nothing in it we can call our own. He leaves this day month for Australia; he has accepted, I believe, some appointment in Melbourne; but I do not trouble him with questions."

"But the *Millennium?*"

"The *Millennium* is his own for one more issue; then the mortgage he raised upon it for this unfortunate speculation will be foreclosed."

"What is its amount?"

"Two thousand pounds."

"But the *Review* must be worth more than that. His editorship has made a great success of it."

"Just so; when he has resigned, I am told that it will be valueless; but the mortgagee is a man of letters, Mr. Doris, whom you have met here, who wishes to undertake it himself. I think Felix might have got the money advanced to him at one time; but he is very proud, and would ask no help of any man."

"Thank Heaven for that!" murmured Elizabeth Dart.

"You must never tell him that I told you all this," continued Miss Argand. "It would wound him to the quick; but not worse," she added, with a sigh, "than it wounds me."

"Why should it wound you to tell me about him?"

"Because, though you cannot help him, I am sure you would do if you could, and I have never given you credit for such generosity. On the contary, I thought—but, as you say, it is no matter what I thought. I picture to myself all day my brother and his future: with all his talents, I fear he is not one to make his way in a new world; his career is closed, his ambition is quenched. He has already, Heaven help him! the look of a broken man. He will be home to lunch with us, but you will be shocked to see him."

"I would not see him for the world," was Miss Dart's unexpected reply; "That is, I mean not like that." She rose at once, as if in alarm lest he should return and find her. "When will he not be here? when, that is, can I see you alone to-day, my dear Miss Argand?"

"Any time this evening. Felix dines out to-night with his Melbourne friend, to conclude, I understand, some final arrangements.

"Then I will look in at eight o'clock, if you will not be very tired of me?"

"I shall not be that," smiled Miss Argand, sadly. "The time is coming, and very shortly, when I shall pine for the sight of an old friend in vain. But you must not hide yourself from Felix. If he knew that you were in town, it would distress him beyond measure to think you had avoided him."

"But he must not know I am in town—until to-night, at all events. I must beg of you to keep my visit a secret."

"As you please, my dear," sighed Miss Argand, "good-bye, and God bless you!" She uttered the last words with fervent earnestness, and, drawing her young companion towards her, pressed her lips to her forehead.

CHAPTER XLVI.

RAISING THE WIND.

Miss Dart was well accustomed to make her way about town alone, but she had never felt so lonely as when she left Mr. Argand's door. A companion, indeed, in the sense of a protector, she did not need. Even Aunt Jane would, just now, have been superfluous, and in her way; but she stood in the utmost need of an adviser; and the only man who could have helped her in her difficulties was the last to whom she could apply. Nevertheless, she was not without a scheme, which she had thought out for herself in the railway train; and she put it into practice at once. In the first place, she called in the New-road to advise the landlady of her aunt's expected return, and also to fetch certain papers of her own, which she put away in a little hand-bag; and then she took a hansom to Paternoster-row.

She had visited it not many days before, and upon a similar errand; but to-day her business was far more pressing and important. She endeavoured to picture to herself in what state she would return a hour or two hence. Would success or failure have resulted from her efforts? Even if the latter should happen, there would still be a hope, though a very slender one, of obtaining her desire. The consciousness of its existence, however—the knowledge that there was yet a second line of defence behind her should the first prove useless—supported her wonderfully. She was naturally of a sanguine disposition, and her experience of life had strengthened it. Those who have known toil and trouble are not so easily depressed as those who find themselves for the first time face to face with extremity.

It seemed to her of good augury, to begin with, that Mr. Rose, whom she proposed to visit, was at home. If he had been out of town, as, considering the season, he well might have been, half her hopes would have been cut off at once; for the success of her mission was, she felt, dependent upon the promptness of its issue. A week—perhaps a day—hence, his help, even if she attained it, might be valueless.

Mr. Rose was not among the princes of the publishing trade; but still less did he belong to its pettifoggers. He had not been long enough established to be held in the first rank of the Row; but he had a long head, a long purse, and plenty of pluck. If he was not acknowledged by the great houses as a rival, they had cause to regret his existence. He was not very particular about the courtesies of "the trade," and on two or three occasions had lured a popular author from his literary proprietor by the jingling of his guineas. But he had never yet discovered a writer of any standing for himself till he made that offer of a thousand pounds to the unknown author of "The Usher."

He had also, as we know, published Matthew Meyrick's poems. The former of these operations had been speculative. His opinion of the novel was very high, and he believed, in time, he should see his money back. The latter had arisen from no hope of gain. He had brought out the poems because they were good poems, and would reflect credit upon him as a publisher. He was no money-grubber, though he liked to make money; he resented being reckoned with the rank and file of his calling, and aspired to be one of the Rulers of the Row. Still, he had not been born in its purple, and had some ways that were by no means Royal ways. He was not quite a gentleman, although he had very narrowly missed being one. His appearance was in his favour. Though of small stature, he had a leonine head and handsome features; his hair was grey, and his face almost colourless; but his black eyes were so large and brilliant, that their searching glance, turned upon an author who had received advances without advancing with his MS., reminded him of the dark-lantern of a policeman.

"To see you again so soon is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure, Miss Dart," he said, as she was ushered into his sanctum; but those who knew him best would have gathered that his feelings were not quite so cordial as his words. He had by no means lost faith in his newly-discovered genius, and was far from repenting of his bargain with her; but it promised to be a less profitable one—thanks to Mr. Argand's hint, "If I were the author of 'The Usher,' I would sell it for five years, and not for perpetuity"—than he had proposed to himself. When he first set eyes upon her, it seemed to him that she was a client after his own heart; and he was surprised, and not a little disappointed, to find her such a stickler for her rights. It was "not pretty of her," or what her youth and inexperience had led him to expect, and it had put him out in his calculations; still, he had no mistrust of his own judgment. He had read the whole novel, and what he had heard of it upon all sides had strengthened his opinion of its exceptional merit. He was perfectly satisfied with his bargain; what he feared from Miss Dart's reappearance was that she was not satisfied, and had come to ask for more money. Of course, there was no need to give it. The arrangement had been ratified, and was legally binding; but he was very disinclined to quarrel with a writer who, to use a significant expression peculiar to "the Row," had evidently a good deal of meat on her bones. It may be thought that it was not very chivalrous of Mr. Rose to believe his fair client capable of putting pressure upon him in such a matter, and so soon; but his experience of female authors was that they were not much swayed by delicate scruples in these arrangements, and that within twelve hours of the conclusion of a literary bargain they always regretted it, and thought they ought to have got better terms. Advisers are rarely wanting to them who believe in their transcendent genius to any extent (short of investing in it), and in the universal peccability of publishers.

The first words of his visitor were very far from removing his apprehensions upon this point, though they were uttered in a very gentle and modest voice, and not at all in that tone of grievance, or of even righteous indignation, in which such applications were usually made.

"I am come to you upon a matter which to me is of great importance, Mr. Rose. I wish, if possible, to obtain a very considerable sum of money at once?"

Mr. Rose smiled and raised his eyebrows. "It is not an uncommon case, my dear madam," he replied, drily. "Everybody wants money, and most of us immediately. In fact, it has been observed that there is no one upon the earth's surface, however wealthy, to whom a thousand pounds wouldn't be acceptable, and that even the richest people are often hard up for ready money."

"I am even more greedy than the millionaire of whom you speak," was Miss Dart's quiet reply, "for I want two thousand pounds in bank-notes."

"Really!" It was only a word, but it seemed weighted with the stolid indifference of a whole tribe of North American Indians. The speaker looked wistfully at the unfinished letter, which he had pushed away from him on the desk at her entrance into the room, and then at the clock that stood upon his mantelpiece. "These aspirations," his face seemed to say, "would be interesting, if I had time to consider them, on account of their abnormal size; but my time is valuable, and they have no personal relation to myself."

"If you cannot help me yourself, Mr. Rose," continued Miss Dart, with a tinge of colour in her anxious face, "you will not at least, I hope, refuse me the benefit of your advice, under circumstances which you will understand as well as any man, and infinitely better than anyone else to whom I could apply. I have another novel here"—she produced a large manuscript from her bag—"not, indeed, written, but sketched in skeleton fashion from beginning to end. I believe it in many ways to be superior to 'The Usher'; it is, at all events, the result of a larger experience. I will not take up your time with it, if you think that its realisation of the sum I mention is out of the question, as far as you are concerned. I could leave it with you for two hours, but not more, as, in case of your refusal, it would be but so much lost time; and it is absolutely necessary for me to procure the money before the banks close."

Mr. Rose—who had pricked up his ears, "like a horse that hears the corn-bin open," at the words, "another novel"—laid them down again at this reference to the bank. He shook his head, and observed, curtly, "It is quite out of the question, Miss Dart; I have gone to the end of my tether with you already."

"Very good: it is kind of you, at least, not to delude me with false hopes. Please to consider yourself no longer as the possible publisher of the novel, but as my friend and adviser as to its disposal. Here are three letters I received yesterday. This one is from Messrs. Blank and Asterisk, your next-door neighbours."

Mr. Rose took the letter, with a smile that was intended to express a polite interest; but its effect was grim. Messrs. Blank and Asterisk were his neighbours—even, as Miss Dart had said, his next neighbours—but he could scarcely be said to love them as himself. He had lately had a dispute with them over the body of an author—a question of certain copyrights he had left behind him—and they had worsted him. He did not like that expression "unhappily" in their communication: "Unhappily, 'The Usher' has been disposed of." They knew it was disposed of well enough, and to him; and it was great impertinence of them to use that word. Still less did he like the phrase, "on still more favourable terms." It was a vague but no less nefarious attempt to decoy his author away from him—to rob him of his one laurel, his first genius.

"If Messrs. Blank and Asterisk will sign you two thousand pounds for that—that skeleton"—he exclaimed, bitterly, "I should certainly recommend you to accept their offer."

"And you will even go to the length or wishing them joy of their bargain," said Miss Dart, smiling.

"Well, I did not say so; but if I must say the honest truth, I think it would be a ridiculously lavish offer."

"No doubt, as the matter stands; but here are two applications for the same work—one from a magazine, the other from a syndicate of newspapers, which may require the serial rights. Now, would not Messrs. Blank and Asterisk take one of these offers into account, and, by the purchase of all rights at once, recoup themselves for a portion of their outlay?"

"No doubt they would, if only the novel were finished; though, even in that case, it would show considerably more spirit than they are generally credited with. The fact is, my dear young lady," added Mr. Rose, in gentler tones, "there is a risk in the matter which one has a delicacy in mentioning to you; but, though your novel may be a masterpiece, when you have clothed your skeleton, as you call it, it may never be clothed at all."

"You mean that I may die in the meantime."

Mr. Rose nodded. "Such accidents do happen, even to the healthiest and youngest of us. The work of our great authors live for ever," here he bowed, perhaps to point a complimentary allusion to "The Usher"; "but the authors themselves inherit the common lot. Now, where should I be, financially speaking, my dear Madam, if I gave £2000 for these dry bones, and anything should happen to you before you breathed life into them?"

"You are left out of the question altogether, you know," observed Miss Dart, quietly; "we are talking of Messrs. Blank and Asterisk. Now, what I thought of proposing to them was to insure my life for this money, and to place the policy in their hands till I gave them the complete MS. in exchange for it."

"An uncommonly good idea, Miss Dart," exclaimed Mr. Rose, approvingly. "Make over 'The Usher' in perpetuity, instead of giving only a five-years right in it, and the sum you require for your next book shall be yours."

"But Messrs. Blank and Asterisk have not got 'The Usher,'" returned Miss Dart, with an innocent air.

"Neither have they got two thousands pounds at call on their banker's hands," replied Mr. Rose, audaciously. "Now, I should just give you a cheque for the money, and you could get it changed in Fleet-street in five minutes. Only think, too, what a disadvantage it would be for you to be offering your wares from publisher to publisher instead of sticking to a respectable house like mine, which you have been connected with from the first. There is nothing, to my mind, more unpleasant—as a matter of feeling—than disloyalty of this kind. If you'll allow me, I'll just get down the heads of our little agreement for your signature."

"There must be nothing about 'The Usher' in it, Mr. Rose," said Miss Dart, decisively. "The advice that was given me with respect to the disposal of that novel, I am bound to respect; but as to this other, I will sign anything you please."

For the next ten minutes Mr. Rose said nothing, but employed with diligence a practised pen. Then he suddenly turned round with, "After all, by Jove! there is a risk. I take for granted that you will insure your life as soon as the thing can be done; but suppose anything should happen to you before?"

"I'll be very careful," said Miss Dart, humbly. "I'll look on both sides of the crossings."

"Crossings! you must not put your foot to the ground."

"Very good; and I will always choose the safest of patent safety hansoms."

"Heavens! you must not dream of getting into a hansom; you must always take a four-wheeled cab."

"It is very hot weather for four-wheelers; but you shall be obeyed, Mr. Rose."

"And there's one thing, though it's scarcely worth while to mention it, there must be no longer any concealment of your real name."

"Oh! Mr. Rose, I had so much rather not," pleaded Miss Dart.

"You have promised me you will agree to anything I please in this matter," he answered, coldly, "and that is one of my stipulations. The mystery that has hitherto been maintained about you has been very useful; but the time has now come for putting an end to it. When the world hears that the author of 'The Usher' and of those admirable essays is a lady, it will be something to talk about, or I'm much mistaken."

"But I don't want to be talked about, Mr. Rose."

"That is only because you don't know what's good for you. To be talked about, in the case of an author, is to be read; to be read, is to be bought; and to be bought," concluded the publisher, with the air of one in search of a climax, "well—to be bought, is the laurel crown of literature."

"Yet Milton's 'Paradise Lost' was sold, it is said, for fifteen pounds," said Miss Dart, smiling.

"And a deuced lucky fellow he was to get it. I should like to see Messrs. Blank and Asterisk giving fifteen pounds for 'Paradise Lost,' or even bringing it out at half profits. There's your cheque, Miss Dart; I will get it changed at the bank for you myself, and then see you safely into your cab, for both our sakes."

(*To be continued.*)

Professor Max Müller presided yesterday week at the opening meeting of the English Goethe Society at the Westminster Townhall, and gave an address on "World Literature."

At the annual meeting of the Victoria Institute, held yesterday week, in the Hall of the Society of Arts, Professor Stokes, of Cambridge, the President of the Royal Society, was elected president of the institute, in succession to the late Earl of Shaftesbury. The annual address was given by Professor Hull, the Director of the Irish Geological Society.

A number of Canadian exhibitors at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and others whom they had invited, to the number of about 180, dined together at the Holborn Restaurant, yesterday week—the Marquis of Lorne presiding. Among the speakers, in addition to the chairman, were the Lord Mayor, Sir P. C. Owen, Sir W. Sargeant, Sir V. Houlton, Sir Charles Tupper, and Sir Saul Samuel.

A lady, who was stated to be in possession of property worth £400 or £500 a year, appeared before the Kilkenny Board of Guardians, on Thursday week, and applied for outdoor relief. She stated that she was ashamed to make such an application; but she was really in very extreme circumstances, because her tenants would not pay their rents. The board offered her an order for admittance to the workhouse.

NOVELS.

Among the stories that really do one good, or should do one good, to read, a conspicuous place must be assigned to *Lucia:* by Mrs. Augustus Craven, translated from the French by Lady Herbert of Lea (Hurst and Blackett); for, not only is there a sufficiency of romance to make the tale attractive, but the tone is so thoroughly wholesome, the spirit is so pure and fine, the sentiments are so noble, the doctrine is so sensible as well as humane, that to peruse the tale is to go through a course of pleasant as well as improving discipline. It is true that the book has a deep religious tinge, and that the religion is that of a certain Church, but there is no attempt to convert or proselytise, there is no obtrusion of dogma, there is no pious rant, there is not a symptom of mere goody-goodyism: whoever objects to the sort of religion inculcated would object to religion altogether. Again, the volumes contain not only a pretty, affecting, interesting tale of true love and a pleasant picture of paternal and filial devotion, with various charming sketches of character, but a nobly conceived scheme for the betterment of relations between capital and labour, between aristocratic but hard-working proprietor and the "hands" that he employs. Some readers may assume a smile of superiority, and may babble of "sheer utopianism"; but others will think, with more reason, that the worst excuse you can give for not aiming high is that you despair of attaining the desired height. Indeed, in one respect the book may be considered a failure, for the hero's endeavours are crowned with complete success, and he meets with little or no ungratefulness. What is so difficult, what is so grand, is to persevere in well-doing, regardless of misunderstanding, misappreciation, opposition, and black ingratitude. He who would reform and benefit his fellow-creatures must make up his mind before all things to get no credit for anything he does for them; especially if his own material advantage be demonstrably promoted by theirs. Blessed is the man who expects nothing: verily he shall not be disappointed. Or, if a man must expect something; let it be—paradoxical as it may sound—disappointment.

A very clever piece of work, composed on co-operative principles, with a combination of masculine and feminine characteristics, is *The Right Honourable:* by Justin McCarthy, M.P., and Mrs. Campbell-Praed (Chatto and Windus) wherein two shining lights among our writers of fiction have united their effulgence to considerable effect. Not that the story is very absorbing as a whole; but, taken piece-meal, it is fairly interesting, striking, and picturesque, always readable, sometimes very amusing, occasionally quite brilliant. The hero, we are to understand, is a great man and a great statesman; but the greatness has to be taken to a considerable extent on trust. The gentleman, however, must certainly be handsome from the effect he produces upon the other sex; he is supposed to resemble Napoleon I. (who, if we are to believe Madame De Rémusat and others, was not handsome at all) in profile and complexion, but is a great deal taller; and he undoubtedly exhibits some far-off touch of greatness in that he, like Launcelot, loves another man's wife, and is beloved by her, and, nevertheless, more honourable and more manly than Launcelot, resists the temptation to create an irremediable matrimonial disaster. It cannot be denied, however, that he is indebted to the lady's representations for that moral victory which makes him superior to Sir Launcelot, if not the equal of Sir Galahad; and, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that the lady is only prevented by considerations of what would happen to her children from listening to his prayer and consenting to fly with him; so that neither he nor she can be regarded as altogether "sans peur" or "sans reproche," if the motives for abstaining from evil are to count for anything. There are some very good scenes in the book, from the very first to the very last, and there are some exceedingly well-sketched characters, whether Australian or English, whether engaged in the business of society or of politics. One of the writers is written down M.P., and he, therefore, ought to know what he is talking about or allowing others (whom he does not contradict) to talk about; but really the want of common intelligence, the absence of appreciation, the utter ignorance of what is high in tone and chivalrous in sentiment and expression, the tendency to degenerate into a "howling mob," which are attributed to the whole House of Commons, with the exception of two or three honourable members (chiefly, it would seem, of aristocratic descent), read very like libel and defamation of character. Surely there was a time (perhaps it was in the days before the Union) when a high-minded expression of scorn for a base accusation would have required a wrapping of very ambiguous language indeed to render it imperceptible to the gentlemen of the House of Commons.

One of the most charming among the works of fiction that have appeared in these latter days is *Hurst and Hanger* (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), three volumes, which the anonymous author may be warmly congratulated upon having written. Before entering upon a perusal of it, however, a good supply of pocket-handkerchiefs should be provided by readers whose tears come easily; so often is deep emotion stirred; so often does the moisture come unbidden to the eyes. There is nothing painful, however, to be apprehended; sympathetic mortals do not always weep for sorrow, but sometimes for joy, sometimes for appreciation of goodness and unselfishness, sometimes at the bare sight of maternal, or filial, or other affection. Touching scenes are not necessarily gloomy or disagreeable; they are frequently, on the contrary, full of light and pleasantness, so that we acknowledge gratefully how much better it is to go into the house of mourning than into the house of feasting, when the mourners do not mourn as those who are without hope. Moreover, the "history," as it is well called, though very quiet on the whole, has pages full of liveliness and entertainment; and, on laying down the book, as many readers will do with regret, not a few will think, with a sigh, that the world would be a better place to live in if there were more folk like the residents at Hurst and at Hanger.

Like the well-known "Student's History of Rome," by Dr. Liddell, *Rome*, by Arthur Gilman, M.A. (Fisher Unwin), relates what the writer terms the "lustrous story" from the earliest times to the end of the Republic. Mr. Gilman, who, to judge from some of his expressions, is an American, writes with clearness and good sense, his skill being shown perhaps as much in what he omits as in what he inserts. In a popular narrative like this, which is not intended for students, the more familiar an author is with his subject, the more difficult he will find it to separate what is of great value to the scholar from what has most significance for the general reader. In this respect Mr. Gilman has, we think, been successful; and for a comparatively brief but picturesque outline of events for ever famous in the history of the ancient world, this well-written and well-printed volume may be safely recommended to that large class of persons who run while they read, for whom it would seem to be specially intended. If it is easy and pleasant reading, the book could not have been easy writing, and Mr. Gilman deserves more credit for the labour spent on the compilation than he may possibly receive.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W B (Stratford).—Thanks for your note. Your problem shall be re-examined.

H W S (Canterbury).—We shall have pleasure in publishing your problem. You shall hear from us as soon as we have compared the two positions carefully.

W E S (Whitby).—An authoritative answer to your questions involves some research, but we shall endeavour to furnish the information in our next. Meanwhile, perhaps, some of our correspondents may be able to tell the name of the author of the first two-move problem with "flight squares," and the date of its publication.

E F F (St. Petersburg).—The key move is 1. Kt to R 4th. Problems received with thanks from Zero, W D (Guernsey), R Crawford Love, and L Desanges.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 2195, 2197, and 2198 received from Viscount de Vilain the 14th; of No. 2195 from F C Stibbald (Ontario), E F Field (St. Petersburg), and Amateur (Havanna); of No. 2196 from J R M Anderson; of No. 2197 from Rev. John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.), F E Gibbins (Tiflis), J Walker (Tiflis), Joseph Beardshaw, and E F Field (St. Petersburg); of No. 2198 from Joseph Beardshaw and Congo; of No. 2199 from Miss Lizzie Hamilton, Apton, Congo, and Joseph Beardshaw; of MRS. ROWLAND'S PROBLEM from A C Hechte, C Oswald, L' Wyman, Ben Nevis, Jupiter Junior, A C Hunt, C Darragh, and E Casella (Paris).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2200 received from J K (South Hampstead), H Z, E Casella (Paris), L Falcon (Antwerp), H Pace, C H Southgate, G W Law, Otto Fulder (Ghent), Apton, C E P, Edmund Field, Oliver Isingla, W E Stephenson, Comp (Lynn), Shadforth, R Billups, J A Schmucke, R H Brooks, W Hillier, R L Southwell, Joseph Ainsworth, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Jack, and the Rev. Winfield Cooper.

NOTE.—There has been a remarkable variety of proposed solutions of this problem. A very large number of correspondents propose 1. Q takes B, B to Q 8th; 2. Q takes B, and then overlook that Black stops the mate on the third move by 2. R takes K P. Another plausible line of play is suggested in 1. R to B 6th, the correct defence to which is P takes R, and should White continue with 2. Q takes R, Black rejoins with 2. B to K B 2nd. The defence to 1. Q to Kt 7th (ch) is B to B 3rd; and if then 2. R takes R, 2. B takes R, and there is no mate on the third move. Proposed solutions by way of 1. R to B 3rd and 1. R takes B are met by 1. Kt to B 4th, threatening to check the King next move.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2191.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to K 4th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

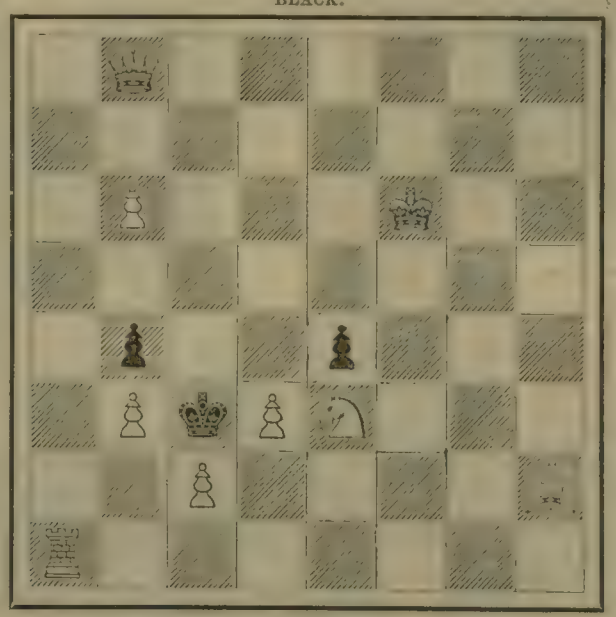
No. 2192.

This problem, we regret to say, admits of a commonplace solution by way of 1. Kt takes P (ch), &c. At the request of the author, we withhold his very fine solution, as he purposes reconstructing the problem, when it shall be again submitted to our readers.

PROBLEM No. 2202.

By F. W. LORD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

A match between Messrs. H. E. BIRD, of London, and Mr. A. BURN, of Liverpool, was commenced at Simpson's Divan on the 25th ult. Neither player having any interest in the stakes, the terms of the match were simple enough—viz., that the winner of seven games should be declared the victor, and that the time limit should be an hour for fifteen moves. The latter condition was inoperative throughout the match, which has been played with unexampled rapidity, no fewer than twelve games having been contested and scored in four days. At the time of writing the score is six all.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Bird).	BLACK (Mr. Burn).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P
3. B to K 2nd	

This is one of Mr. Bird's innovations in the King's Bishop's Gambit. It is safe enough, but, for him, singularly lacking in the quality of enterprise.

3.	P to Q 4th
4. P takes P	Q takes P
5. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
6. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Q R 4th
7. Castles	B to K 3rd
8. B to Kt 5th	Castles
9. B takes Kt	P takes B
10. P to Q 3rd	P to Kt 4th

This is in accordance with Mr. Bird's theory that it is unnecessary to defend the Gambit Pawn until it is assailed.

11. Kt to K 4th	P to K R 3rd
12. B to Q 2nd	Q to Kt 3rd (ch)
13. K to R sq	P to K B 4th

The Bishop's Gambit does not usually afford such a free opening to the second player as we see here.

14. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
15. Kt to R 4th	Q to R 3rd

WHITE (Mr. Bird).	BLACK (Mr. Burn).

The Queen is unfortunately placed here, and throughout the remainder of the game exercises very little influence.

16. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 5th
17. P to K R 3rd	Kt to K 6th

Only good on the supposition that White would capture the Kt with the Bishop, in which case Black's phalanx of Pawns would have become very formidable. In the result it leads to the rapid breaking up of Black's game.

18. Q to K sq	P to Kt 5th
19. Kt to R 4th	P takes P
20. R takes P	P takes P (ch)
21. K to Kt sq	B to Q 3rd
22. Q takes Kt	

A clear piece gone.

22.	B to Q 2nd
23. Kt takes B P	Q R to B sq
24. Kt takes B (ch)	P takes Kt
25. R takes R (ch)	R takes R
26. Q takes K R P	R to Kt sq
27. Q takes P	B to R 6th
28. B to B 4th	Q to Kt 2nd
29. R to K sq,	

and Black resigned.

Since writing the above, we have been informed that the number of games required to win has been increased from seven to ten. The following is the thirteenth Game, played at Simpson's Divan on the 29th ult.:—

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. Bird).	BLACK (Mr. Burn).
1. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th
2. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd
3. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
4. Kt to K B 3rd	B to K 2nd
5. B to Kt 2nd	Castles
6. B to Q 3rd	P to B 4th
7. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
8. B to Kt 5th	Q to B 2nd
9. B takes Kt	Q takes B
10. Kt to K 5th	Q to B 2nd
11. Kt to K 2nd	R to Q sq
12. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to Q 2nd
13. Castles	B to K sq

Black's development is in accord with the lines adopted by Herr Steinitz in the late match for the championship.

14. Kt to Kt 4th	P to Q 5th
15. P to K 4th	Kt takes P
16. Kt takes Kt	P to B 4th
17. Kt to Kt 5th	B takes Kt
18. P takes B	P takes Kt
19. Q takes P	P to K 4th
20. P to B 3rd	B to Kt 3rd
21. Q to Kt 3rd	R to Q 2nd
22. Q R to B sq	Q to Q 3rd
23. P to K R 4th	R to K sq
24. P to Kt 4th	

WHITE (Mr. Bird).	BLACK (Mr. Burn).

Ill considered; 24. K to R 2nd would have been much better.

24.	P takes B P
25. Q P takes P	P to B 5th

Finely played: much better than winning the Pawn.

26. Q to Kt 4th	Q to K 3rd
27. Q to Kt 3rd	

It would have been better to have exchanged Queens and play for the draw.

27.	P to K 5th
28. Q to B 4th	P to K 6th
29. K R to Q sq	R to K B 2nd
30. Q to Kt 3rd	R to B 7th

Black plays this ending in a masterly manner.

31. B to R 3rd	R takes R P
32. R to Q 6th	Q to B 2nd
33. R to K B sq	

The game cannot be saved at this point, but the move in the text affords Black an opportunity of finishing it in excellent style.

33.	Q takes R (ch)
34. K takes Q	P to K 7th (ch)
35. K to K sq	R to R 8th (ch),

and White resigned.

The match between ten members of the British Chess Club and a like number of members of the Paris Cercle des Echecs was played in Paris on Saturday last. The result was a tie, each side scoring four games, the remaining two being drawn. After the play, the visitors were entertained at a banquet held at the Grand Cercle.

THE CHARTERHOUSE.

The House of Commons recently decided against a private bill which would have allowed the partial destruction of an interesting group of ancient buildings, familiar to Londoners and endeared by historical and literary associations. An article upon the Charterhouse, in our publication of March 20, was entitled "Greyfriars," referring to the Carthusian monastery, or priory, that existed there, founded by Sir Walter Manny in 1371, and dissolved by Henry VIII. in 1537. "Charterhouse" is merely a corruption of "Chartreuse," the name of the original abode of that order in the mountains of Dauphiny, founded in 1080 by Bruno of Cologne. The London Chartreuse, during a century and a half, was a flourishing and well-conducted religious community; Sir Thomas More, though a layman, resided there, devoting himself to study and prayer, above three years. Its suppression was attended with acts of peculiar injustice and cruelty. The Prior, John Houghton, and two others, who refused to subscribe to the King's ecclesiastical supremacy, were hanged at Tyburn, and their bodies drawn and quartered; the fragments of the Prior's body were spiked over the gate of the Charterhouse. Nine or ten other monks were incarcerated in Newgate, where they died of starvation. The property of the Order was confiscated; and the site, with the buildings, was given to two of the King's household servants, but soon passed to other owners, and belonged successively to Lord North, the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Norfolk, and Lord Thomas Howard, afterwards Duke of Suffolk. It was purchased in 1611 by Thomas Sutton, a wealthy and eminent London citizen in the reign of James I., who bequeathed a large endowment for an hospital for aged men and a school for poor children. The old gateway of the monastery still exists at one entrance to Charterhouse-square; also the cloisters on three sides of the quadrangle of monks' cells; but most of the present buildings are of the 16th and 17th centuries. The chapel has a square tower, with a balustrade parapet and corner pinnacles, surmounted by a wooden dome and a vane; there is a bell, made in 1631, under the cupola. In the chapel is the tomb of the founder, Thomas Sutton—a superb composition of diverse marbles, elaborately carved and gilt, with a recumbent figure, guarded by two men in armour, and with sculptures above of a preacher, and of Faith, Hope, Labour and Rest, Plenty and Want. There is also the monument of Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough. The great dining-hall, rebuilt in 1571, is far more stately and spacious than suits the modest company of gowned pensioners, forty-five in number, who now sit down to their daily simple meal. Its stone fireplace, carved with scrolls and the arms of Thomas Sutton, was a later addition. Howard House, or Norfolk House, is a fine Elizabethan mansion; and it is the more interesting as Queen Elizabeth herself sojourned here five days before her coronation, in 1558; she again visited this house, in 1561, as the guest of Lord North. The oaken staircase and the Governor's room, beautifully decorated and hung with tapestry, are much to be admired. The pensioners, who dwell in a separate court, where each old gentleman has comfortable rooms, get their meals and £36 a year. Everybody will remember that Colonel Newcome was one of them; and Thackeray, who was a Charterhouse schoolboy, has described, in that most touching passage of his best story, the good old man sitting in chapel, and the pathetic scene of his death. The school, which in 1872 was removed to Godalming, in Surrey, has given instruction to many eminent Englishmen; among them, Dr. Isaac Barrow, Steele and Addison, John Wesley, Chief Justice Blackstone, Archbishop Manners Sutton, Lord Ellenborough, and other Bishops and Judges; Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Henry Havelock, Thirlwall and Grote, the historians of Greece, Thackeray, and John Leech. The site of the school was sold to the Merchant Taylors' Company, who built their new schoolhouse there.

The cricket-match at Oxford between the Australians and the University ended yesterday week in favour of the Colonists by twenty-five runs. At Lords, the Parsees were beaten by the M.C.C. in a single innings, with 224 runs to spare. At the Oval, Surrey won the match with Middlesex in a single innings.

Hunting Trips of a Ranchman: Sketches of Sport on the Northern Cattle Plains, by Theodore Roosevelt (London, Kegan, Paul, Trench, and Co.) Emphatically a charming book is this unpretentious but picturesque narrative of sport and daily life in the wild western prairies of Little Missouri and among the rocky peaks of Bighorn Mountains. From first to last of the three hundred and fifty pages, there is not a dull or uninteresting passage to be found. It is a book that may be taken up at any time, opened anywhere with the certainty of finding pleasant reading, and then laid down—however reluctantly—with the satisfaction that springs from a consciousness of increased knowledge. Even the most practised sportsman has always something to learn, and the chances are that he will learn much from every chapter of this fascinating work The author, if he be a scientific naturalist, is careful not to obtrude that fact by indulging in dry technicalities; on the contrary, he clothes his ideas and incidents in the simplest language. That he is a very keen and close observer of nature, as well as an enthusiastic sportsman, nearly every sentence shows. Whether his subject be "Ranching in the Bad Lands," waterfowl or grouse shooting, coursing wild turkey on the Texan prairies, stalking black-tail deer and prong-horn buck, or hunting the great grizzly bear, he gives us graphic pictures that enthral the imagination and linger long in the memory. After reading about cowboys and ranchmen, long-horned cattle and prairie ponies, winter line-riding and summer round-ups, one seems to know all about the habits of animals and men away in those wild regions; one can see the misty sunlight fall on those vast oceans of sedge, and mesquite grass; hear the bubbling melody of yellow-breasted meadow-larks that sing sweetly above the clustered thickets of wild rose; feel the force of a storm sweeping over the prairie in "pillars and clouds of grey mist, whirled hither and thither by the wind, and sheets of level rain driven before it"; and, following in imagination the trail of a grizzly bear amid the darkness of pine woods on Bighorn Mountains, one can realise the vast loneliness, the solemn silence, "broken, now and then, by strange noises always to be heard in the great forests, and which seem to mark the sad and everlasting unrest of the Wilderness." The author's rare powers of felicitous description bring every scene vividly before all our senses. We seem not only to see the shifting lights and shadows, but to feel the breezes that rustle the pine needles, and hear the sounds that throb through the mighty silence of mountain solitudes. The breadth of treatment strikes us first, and then the charming elaboration of detail that leaves no characteristic of animal life, however minute, untouched. There are mannerisms and American forms of phrase that may offend the critical faculties of rigid purists; but, in spite of these defects, the author's style is as fascinating as the subject of which he treats. To every true sportsman, and to all lovers of nature these "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" will give unqualified delight.



SKETCHES AT THE CHARTERHOUSE.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

the will (dated Dec. 14, 1882), with five codicils (dated April 19, 1883; March 2 and 27, Aug. 1 and Dec. 4, 1885), of Mr. Richard Durant, late of High Canons, Herts, and Dashwood House, New Broad-street, who died on Jan. 15 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Charles James Durant, the brother, John Oxley Parker, Charles Edward Durant Cumming, and Oxley Durant Parker, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £499,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society; the British and Foreign School Society; the Christian Instruction Society of the Congregational Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street; the Wesleyan Missionary Society; the Congregational Church Aid and Home Missionary Society; the Ladies' Hibernian School Society, Vauxhall Bridge-road; and the Sunday-School Society of Ireland, Sackville-street, Dublin; £1000 to each of his four daughters, Mary Elizabeth, Louise Blanche, Charlotte Agnes, and Anna Maria; £30,000, upon trust, for his said brother, Charles James Durant, for life; £20,000, upon trust, for Mrs. Alice Cumming, for life, then for his cousin, her husband, the said Charles Edward Durant Cumming, for life, and then for their children and issue; £5000, upon trust, for Mrs. Sophia Daubeney, for life; and legacies to god-children and executors. There are also provision for the continuance of payments to certain persons, made by his father and also by himself, and a sum of £50,000 is to be set aside for a period by his trustees for the purpose. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his four daughters. Directions are given to his executors as to his partnership and other businesses.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1885), with two codicils (dated Jan. 28 and Dec. 3, 1885) of the Rev. Arthur Conrad Graystone, late of No. 104, Lancaster-gate, and of Tankerton Tower, Whitstable, Kent, who died on March 29 last, was proved on the 1st ult, by Edgar Rowe Everington and Frederick Lee, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £116,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, effects, horses and carriages at Tankerton Tower to his son, Sydney Wynn; all other his furniture, effects, horses and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Emily Graystone; all his plate to his wife, for life, and then to go with the Tankerton estate; his pictures to be divided between his wife and two sons; a pecuniary legacy of £2000, and an annuity of £2500 to his wife, in addition to what she is entitled to under settlement, and some other bequests. The Tankerton estate he devises to his son Sydney Wynn, for life, and then for his children or issue, as he shall appoint. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his two sons, Sydney Wynn and Herbert.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1882), with two codicils (dated Dec. 29, 1882, and Jan. 15, 1883), of Colonel Charles Napier Sturt, formerly M.P. for Dorchester, late of No. 61, St. James's-street, and of The Priory, Folkestone, who died on March 13 last, at Winchester, was proved on the 6th ult. by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Wynne Finch and Charles Jaques Posno, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £92,000. The testator bequeaths £700 to his wife, and makes various specific bequests to her; there are also numerous pecuniary and specific legacies and annuities. The will contains provisions in favour of his wife's daughter, Violet Astley Sparke; and, on the death of his wife, £10,000 and certain shares are directed to be held, upon trust, for Mrs. Beatrix Marian Sturt, for life, and then for her children. All his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold estate, and the residue of the personalty he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her death he settles the same upon his brother, Lord Alington, for life, with remainder to his son, the Hon. Humphrey Sturt, for life. There is a provision that if any person coming within the scope of the said settlement shall come into possession of the Crichel estate, Dorsetshire, the said settled property is to go as though the said person were dead and there had been a failure of his issue. The testator earnestly hopes that his nephew, the Hon. Humphrey Sturt, will always strictly preserve foxes, and keep in repair his artificial fox-earths and fox-cover.

The will (dated Aug. 17, 1883), with a codicil (dated Jan. 4, 1886), of Mr. James Fergusson, F.R.S., late of No. 20, Langham-place, who died on Jan. 9 last, was proved on April 22 by George William Moultrie, the nephew, Charles Fitzwilliam White, and John Robert Fydell Rogers, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £42,000. The testator bequeaths his Homeric marble bas-relief by Lough to the nation, to be placed in the South Kensington Museum; such works as they may select from his architectural books, not being duplicates of any already possessed by them, to the Royal Institute of British Architects; £3000 each to his niece and nephews Mrs. Harriette White, Frederick John Fergusson, and William Fairlie Fergusson; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephews and nieces Mrs. Harriette White, Frederick John Fergusson, William Fairlie Fergusson, George William Moultrie, Margaret Harriet Cary, Amy Jane Coleridge Moultrie, and Mabel Praed Moultrie.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1882), with two codicils (dated June 27, 1882, and July 27, 1885), of Major Francis Tower, late of Thremhall Priory, Takely, near Chelmsford, who died on March 19 last, has been proved by Mrs. Elizabeth Rhodes Tower, the widow, the Rev. John Whitaker Maitland, and Osbert Salvin, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £33,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and his furniture, plate, and household effects to his wife; and £3000 to his son Arthur. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death he bequeaths a further sum of £5000 to his said son; and the ultimate residue he gives to his children Flora and William Maitland.

The will (dated April 5, 1883), with five codicils, of the Rev. Arthur Nugent Buckeridge, late of No. 6, Park-street, Bath, who died on March 11 last, has been proved by Mrs. Lucy Sewell Buckeridge, the widow, Henry Bainbrigge Buckeridge, the nephew, John Cox Jones, and Walter Scadding, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator bequeaths £9818 Two and three-quarters per Cent Stock, upon trust, for his wife, for life; in default of children, the said sum of Stock is to fall into the residue; and there are other bequests to his wife, and also to his brother, nephews, nieces, and others. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his niece Eliza Mary Ann Munby, and the children of his deceased nephews, Alfred Buckeridge and Charles Buckeridge.

The will (dated Nov. 23, 1877) of Sir Henry Ricketts, K.C.S.I., late of Oak Hill-grove, Surbiton, Surrey, who died on Feb. 25 last, has been proved by George Henry Ricketts, C.B., the son, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testator makes some specific bequests to his children, and gives legacies to his brothers. All his real estate, if any, and the residue of the personalty, he leaves to his four children, George Henry, Jane Hester, Eliza Carew, and Mary Ann Letitia.

The will (dated June 1, 1878) of Mr. Henry Christey, formerly of Beer-lane, Tower-hill, but late of No. 23, St. Andrew's-square, Hastings, who died on Feb. 16 last, was proved on April 21 by Mrs. Emma Gregory and Miss Eliza Christey, the sisters, the executrixes, the value of the personal estate amounting to nearly £14,000. The testator, after bequeathing £250 to his brother Arthur, and £50 to each of his said sisters, leaves and bequeaths all the rest of his property to the London Hospital, Whitechapel-road.

The trial of Charles Darell Sorel, sub-manager of the Jersey Banking Company, for preparing false reports and illegally disposing of £4000 Grand Trunk Canada shares, the property of a customer of the bank, was brought to a close on Thursday week, having lasted four days. A verdict of "Not guilty" was returned.

The ordinary Englishman is very fond of reading anything about the sea, albeit he may not be qualified to distinguish between the vamping of the pretender and the genuine authority. So long as there is a whiff of sea-breeze it is enough. Mr. Robert C. Leslie's *A Sea-Painter's Log* (Chapman and Hall) at any rate is what it pretends to be—a collection of fragmentary jottings, descriptive of many years of out-door life "spent chiefly among fishermen and sailors, or afloat in my own boat." It resembles a log in recognising all that comes within ken as fair subject of remark; while it avoids the diary form, with its inevitable excess of uninteresting detail. The twelve illustrations, by the author, printed by the Automatic Engraving Company, are charming; and there is none more happily conceived than the frontispiece, though it consists of nothing more than a winding creek, mud flats, and sea-fowl. This is "No Man's Land," only rich, apparently, in dreary distance. The painter, however, does not look with common eyes; and in the course of a few pages, the author, whose love of nature is supplemented by much general knowledge of natural history, introduces us to such odds-and-ends as crabs, prawns, sea-wrack, the home of the lug or rag-worm, herons, and eel-spearers. As he truly observes, this great expanse of mud flat so teems with life that if you are near it in a boat when the receding tide gives it a chance of becoming dry, you hear on all sides a simmer and a ticking sound, very like the hum of insect life on a summer day in a wood on shore. From the peculiar view of life forced upon the crab by reason of its prominent knob-like eyes, which must everlastingly look upwards, the sea-painter's log breaks away without apology to "the lesser mudlark," the nomad boys and girls who haunt the foreshores of the seaports; then treats of wherries, town-quays, and billyboys, or lapses into moralising upon boating as a poor man's recreation; returning to dissertations on sea-grass, squalls, regattas, and miscellaneous adventures of a small description afloat. In a log extract about sea poets and painters we get some shrewd criticism, as, for example, that in which Turner, as a sea-painter, is classed with Coleridge as a sea-poet, and Vandervelde with Falconer on a much higher plane of technical accuracy. No doubt the great Turner does give us "at times the wildest nautical impossibilities," but there is not one in ten thousand who can discover them. Of the capital illustrations in this book, mackerel-fishing off the white cliffs of Sidmouth, the hauling ashore at low tide of old anchors recovered by longshore boats, and the trawlers off Calshott Castle, will pleasantly remind many of familiar scenes on the south coast of England, from which the log obtains nearly all its materials.

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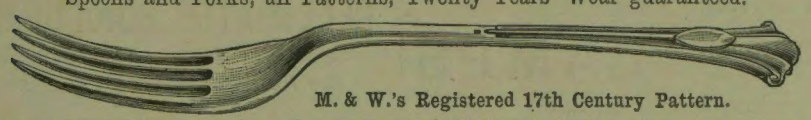
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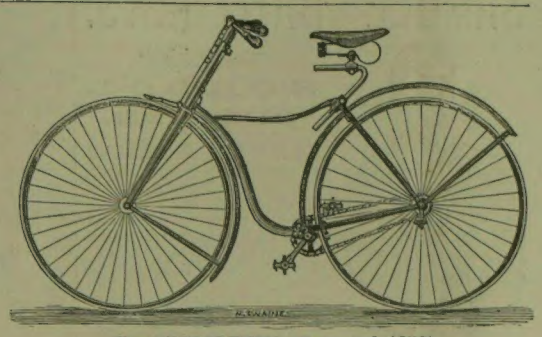
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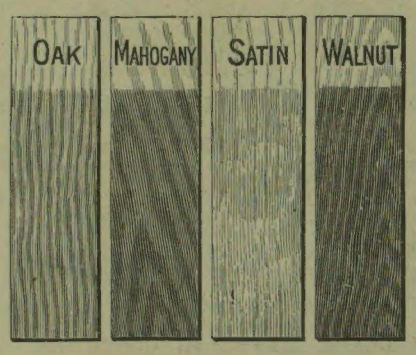
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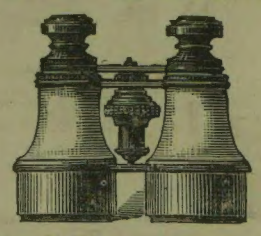
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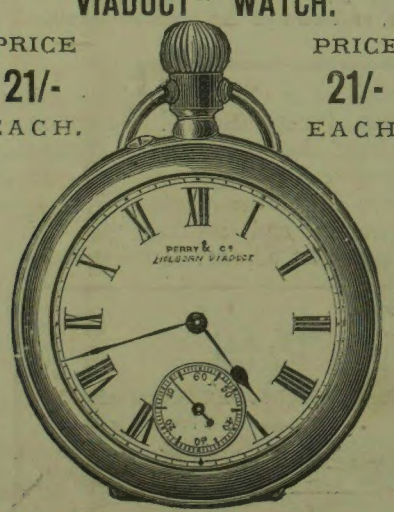
Holborn Viaduct, London.



No. 109.—The MADONNA.
Size, 11 in. by 11 in. Price, 2s. 6d. each.
„ 14 in. by 14 in. „ 3s. 9d. „

PERRY & CO.'S STERLING SILVER "VIADUCT" WATCH.

PRICE 21/- EACH. PRICE 21/- EACH.



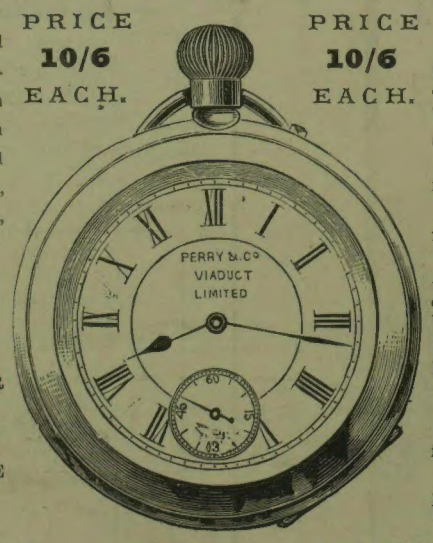
Made in four sizes, suitable for Ladies or Gentlemen. Solid Silver Cases, White Enamelled Dial, Keyless Action, Gold Hands, Horizontal Movement, Sunk Seconds, Crystal Glass, Jewelled.

SHIPPERS AND THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

PERRY & CO.'S "VIADUCT" WATCH.

THE CHEAPEST REAL WATCH EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

PRICE **10/6** EACH. PRICE **10/6** EACH.



It has a Nickeled Horizontal Movement, quick-winding Keyless Action, setting hands from outside the Case, Jewelled in Four Holes, well finished throughout, Enamelled Dial, Sunk Seconds, Crystal Glasses, in Stout Nickeled Cases.

PRICE
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SPECIAL TERMS FOR WATCH CLUBS.

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Advantages of PERRY and CO.'S "VIADUCT" WATCH over the American Toy Watches, which wind up like a clock:—

1st. Any watchmaker can repair it.

2nd. It does not require a machine to wind it.

3rd. The hands are set from the outside of the case, instead of being liable to be broken by turning them with the fingers.

4th. It is Jewelled in Four Holes.

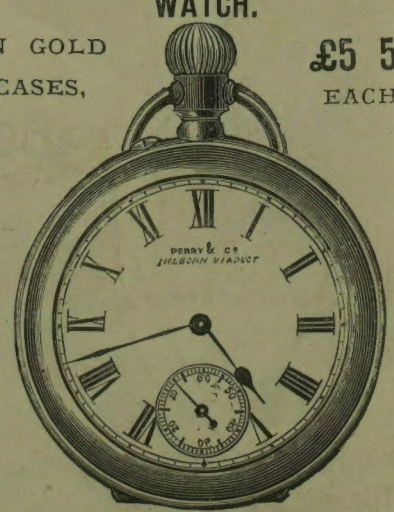
5th. It has a Crystal Glass.

6th. It has a hinged back, instead of being loose.

7th. It has an Enamelled Dial instead of a paper one.

PERRY & CO.'S KEYLESS SPORTING WATCH.

IN GOLD CASES, **£5 5s.** EACH.



Approved Keyless Action, Compensation Balance, Breguet Hair-Spring, Lever Movement, Jewelled in 13 Holes, Half Marked, 14-Ct. Gold, Plain or Engine-Turned Cases, Hard White Enamelled Dial, Sunk Seconds, Crystal Glass, Highly Finished Movement, an Excellent Timekeeper.

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